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"My Daddy's going to the war..."

Let the youngsters hero-worship him. It's good for them

By KATHARINE BUTLER

The leave train is signalled. The girl at the end of our seat whips out a brush and smooths her small son's hair for the third time.

"Watch out for Daddy," she says. "He doesn't know you've got that new red cap."

The woman next to her says: "I've left our Dolly at home. She's only four. Excitement doesn't do for children ... makes them think too much."

THEY are two mothers, each with a different answer to the same problem—how to adjust the puzzled minds of youngsters to a Daddy who appears at home only on brief visits and in strange clothes, and who will soon disappear for a long time, perhaps for years.

In every home where the beloved and familiar figure of Daddy steps out of the family life, the mother is left wondering.

How can she explain a world war to the children? Especially to the younger ones whose universe has so far been bounded by the home fences and peopled by a tiny group?

Children between two and six want to know things.

They hate uncertainty and they do not forget as easily as many people imagine.

They are not sentimental but have enormous pride in possessions and achievements.

They can take nearly anything if given a reasonable and well-timed explanation.

Those are the points to keep in mind, and they lead to one obvious conclusion—that nothing but the truth will do any good.

The mother's job—a difficult one when there's an ache in her heart and a haunting fear in her mind—is to present the truth in such a way that it has some meaning.

A child of three asks, "Why isn't Daddy home to-night?"

The answer that "He's a soldier now and has gone to the war" isn't good enough. The word "war" may have haunted two generations of adults, but it hasn't any meaning for a baby.

I believe that it does young children no harm to know that there is a war on, and that war involves hardship. But they must be shown the meaning in its immediate and personal application.

Keep fear away

OBVIOUSLY a child must never be made conscious of the mother's haunting fear; danger to Daddy should not be hinted at.

But he can be made to understand that a war is a fight—something like when the two little Smith boys go for the Jones'—only with a lot of big Smiths and Jones' involved.

He will understand then that his father has gone to help, and he can be proud.

The little boy or girl who tells you Daddy has gone to England to help King George in a scrap has got some realistic compensation for the father's absence, and some sort of picture, greatly softened, of what he is doing.

"LET'S PLAY soldiers, Dad." . . "O.K., son, you're in the army now!"

IN my experience the happiest wartime children are those who are encouraged to be proud of their fathers.

Little responsibilities help. A small person of four or five will make a good job of cleaning his shoes because his father is no longer there to do it.

In conversation it pays to keep Daddy's stock high.

A child will not miss his parent so much if he hears him referred to casually and often.

"Let's do it Daddy's way with the big rake . . . we must go and get some cigarettes for Daddy . . . we are going to keep this polished very brightly while Daddy is away" will help to remove the inevitable sense of loss.

Bringing Daddy into normal everyday conversation keeps him alive in a child's mind.

Try not to tangle their emotions. "Whatever shall we do without Daddy? . . . now we are left all by ourselves . . . how will poor Mummy manage?" are good examples of what not to say.

THOSE families who live near enough to the father's camp for visits to be made on even a day's leave are lucky. Daddy keeps popping in and the new situation is easier to accept.

When leave must be saved up for a month or more, the rare visits are more exciting, but the break each time is more keenly felt.

Then, fairly near the time, tell the child the good news that Daddy will be home on leave.

A week is eternity when you are four.

Let him help with anything special you are doing and let him be as excited as he likes.

If the children are to have new clothes put them on once or twice in advance.

This may seem a small point, but new clothes have a vast importance for a young child.

You don't want that first half-hour spoilt by insistent demands that Daddy shall admire and inspect. No home-coming father likes to think he plays second fiddle to a new dress.

Put the children to bed early on the night before you go to meet the train.

Take them with you to the station. It will mean more trouble for you. It may even steal your thunder for a split second.

But when he sees those pink coats or that red cap standing guard on the platform the look on his face will be worth it all.

Before Daddy goes away insist on one good photograph in uniform.

It will stop any tearful "Who is that funny man?" complications at a time when you won't feel at all like unravelling them.

WHEN DADDY REMEMBERS

"YOU can always tell the married men in our battalion," writes a soldier serving abroad.

"When they are on leave they are always looking for some present or other to send to the children.

"Sometimes the rest of us team up with them in combing bazaars and shops for a shawl for little Patricia or a special type of pen-knife for young Junior back home.

"We get a great kick out of this shopping, and it's marvellous how keen these daddies really are.

"They seem to have second sight. 'Oh, look there. That's the very thing for young John!' And they are gone like a shot into the shop after the desired article.

"They usually get it all right, but only after a terrible lot of haggling."

The dreamy sounds of a Viennese waltz swirled around them, engulfing them. She raised her eyes to his, and thrilled to the love she saw there.

ROMANCE LIKE THIS . . . THE RIGHT OF EVERY GIRL

Every girl has within herself the power to be the heroine in some chapter of romance. To be born beautiful is not necessary—rather to appear well-cared for, with the fascinating appeal of a skin soft as down. For even an everyday complexion takes on charm with Erasmic Face Powder. This powder is scientifically blended — softer, silkier and clinging closer than most powders. So it makes your skin seem always flawless and irresistible. Try it once and you'll make Erasmic your one-and-only.

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Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

MAJOR-GENERAL G. PEARKES
From the ranks

APPOINTED to the command of the First Canadian Overseas Division, Major-General George Pearkes, V.C., arrived in England recently from Canada.

The General, who won his V.C. in the last war, rose from the ranks. He enlisted first in an English Regiment, then went to Canada, where he served with the North-West Mounted Police. In 1914 he went to France with the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

MRS. C. E. GAUSS
Forty-five tons

A NOTED homemaker and hostess is America's first lady in Australia, Mrs. C. E. Gauss, wife of first U.S. Minister to the Commonwealth.

"I like to make a home for my family wherever we may go," she says. Forty-five tons of furniture accompanied her from California to Canberra.

Mrs. Gauss is a science graduate of Vassar College. Boats and gardens are other interests.

MR. JOHN BULL
. . . Explosives

"IT'S a job of work, just like making soap," says Sydney scientist Mr. John Bull, as he goes off to Melbourne to make explosives.

Lecturer in Physical Chemistry, Sydney Technical College, and chemist at the Public Works Department, Mr. Bull has been called up by the Ministry of Munitions as a chemist in the production of explosives.

Keen surfer, he is an executive member of N.S.W. Surf Life-Saving Clubs' Association.

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YOU CAN'T FORGET ME

Complete short story of a girl who thought ambition was the only thing in life that mattered.

By **Margery Sharp**

THE man without ambition reached up his right hand and with a light tug pulled out a pale two-foot sucker; as he let it fall his left hand came up to pull and drop in turn.

Inside the orange tree was like a cavern of gloom—symmetrical, hive-shaped, walled by dark thick foliage about the grey-green skeleton of trunk and limbs. The man's hands worked together quickly and automatically, and his brain worked also, calculating how many minutes of useful light yet remained.

He reached for the saw and shears hanging alongside and began on the hard, straight growths that sprang greedily and fruitlessly towards the sky. Their fall left a dapple of clean white wounds and a restored symmetry. For the larger twigs of deadwood he used secateurs. Then the work-light and the work ended together. All litter would be cleared next morning. The man without ambition gathered up his tools and ducked out from under the branches.

The tree he had been pruning stood third from the end of a line that abutted on the road—not the main road to San Francisco, but the loop. Tourists occasionally made that detour to look at the orange groves, and the glimpse of a long, expensive car did not surprise him.

The car was stationary, but that did not surprise him either; tourists, having seen the oranges, inevitably wanted to pick. Sometimes they damaged the branches. Andrew Carter walked quickly along the row and saw much what he expected—a girl with an orange in her hand.

He saw her very distinctly; not so much (the odd thought flashed through his mind) because the distance was short and his eyesight good as because she was so distinct a person. She stood perfectly still, but every line of her thin, small-boned body was alert and alive. Her eyes, under perfectly defined brows, were watchful as a cat's and like a cat she looked ready to run at the rustle of a leaf. But no leaf stirred.

"I grow these oranges," said Carter, "for sale."

Her reply came quick and distinct as the rest of her.

"How much?"

"Five cents."

"Catch!"

She tossed the orange and it fell between them. Rather foolishly, he stood there, staring at it. It was bruised.

"That wasn't my fault," said the girl quickly. "And I'm not mean, either. I just haven't five cents."

Carter looked past her at the long expensive car. She followed his glance.

"And that isn't my car. I'm getting a lift into San Francisco. How much farther is it?"

"About two hundred and fifty miles."

To that she said nothing, but neither did she move away. She appeared to be thinking—thinking with speed and concentration. Carter did not usually encourage tourists, but now he asked a question.

"Where have you come from?"

"Hollywood," said the girl. Her teeth closed on the word, biting it off. In her eyes was more than defensiveness, there was antagonism—an antagonism so unreasonable, where Carter was concerned, that he felt his own anger as unreasonably rise. The inexplicable moment passed.

"That's quite a trip," said Carter. "And you're off the direct route."

"I know. He—" she nodded back towards the car—"wanted to look at the orange groves. What's the next town?"

"Bakersville. About ten miles along. There's a fairly good hotel."

It was then that she made her astonishing suggestion.

"I suppose you couldn't put us up here?"

"No," said Carter.

"Why not?"

"I don't cater for tourists."

"We've our own food with us. And I'll sleep on the floor. I'll sleep anywhere."

"That mightn't suit your friend," said Carter dryly.

"He isn't a friend. I met him two days ago at a party. He said we could make San Francisco in one jump—but we've been on the road eight hours already, and now he says he's tired."

"He still mightn't care for sleeping on the floor."

"I can fix that. I can make it seem like an adventure." She was quite close now, so close that her outflung hand touched Carter's arm. The contact was both slight and involuntary; she was not appealing to him, she was willing him. But even after she had stepped back again he could have laid a finger on the exact spot where her palm had brushed.

"All right," said Carter. "Come up."

An adventure it was. The girl made it one. Her libellous description of the Bakersville hotel brought her companion almost eagerly from the car; her childishly high spirits lifted him over the shock produced by the first sight of their alternative accommodation. "An actress, all right," thought Carter, silently watching.

The other was more difficult to place; fiftyish, well-fed, he had the slightly aimless look of the man who has exchanged too early the office for the golf course. His eyes when they rested on Carter were completely uninterested; when they rested on the girl they came slowly to life. But he wasn't dangerous, thought Carter—half contemptuously; he'd take what came his way, but wouldn't risk trouble. Carter left them alone to picnic on the porch while he fixed himself a meal in the lean-to kitchen.

They didn't talk much. The man seemed half asleep and the girl, as soon as her prattle had served its turn, stared silently at the orange trees. She didn't relax, but sat bolt upright, her hands twisted about her knee. When Carter had cleaned up he took a lamp and came through the house to address them through the doorway.

"The lady can have the bedroom," he started, looking at her companion; "you and I split a couch and two chairs."

The man heaved himself up and stood there a moment, big, sulky and hesitant. But he didn't want trouble. He carried the suitcases up and thrust the bigger and flimsier through the inner door.

Andrew Carter took the two chairs, with an orange box jammed between. If he slept badly, it was not from physical discomfort. As a rule he could sleep anywhere. But the night, even the short night that ended at dawn, seemed long to him.

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"I'm not mean," said the girl, eyeing Carter defiantly. "I just haven't five cents."

Illustrated by JOHN SANTRY

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TWO MINUTES

Armistice Day — a day of memories. To two people it sounded anew the clarion call to duty.

The fateful hour chimed—the turning point in two women's lives.

QUEER, incredible that everything should be the same. The last breakfast he would ever have with Molly sitting opposite him; perhaps the last time he would ever see her.

Yet there it was. She didn't know. The intuition of woman (that he had so often written about in his novels) had told her nothing.

The same two rashers on his plate, the same paper placed at the side, and the same cup of coffee already poured out for him . . .

Incredible! There she sat with her own breakfast already finished, just as she had always done, morning after morning, year after year. And suspected nothing.

James Selworthy pressed his teeth hard together. He mustn't start thinking about the past. He'd got to be hard and think only of the future —the future with Celia that had to be grasped now or never.

"I've got to go into town this morning," he said, quietly. His voice was strained and jumpy. But she seemed to notice nothing.

"Will you be back for lunch?"

"Er—no—I—I expect I'll have lunch in town." How could he keep that trembling out of his voice when he knew that by lunch time he and Celia would be on their way to happiness?

"Anything you'd particularly like for dinner?"

Dinner! By then she'd know herself—by then she'd already have received his letter . . .

"Oh, anything'll do." He tried to smile. He'd got to remain natural—if she suspected anything now there'd be a scene and then they'd miss the train.

"I thought of having cutlets."

"Cutlets," he repeated. "Splendid." Why on earth must she go on talking about to-night — to-night when he and Celia would already have begun their new life . . .

"Aren't those rashers nice?"

"Oh, yes. Quite."

"You don't seem to be exactly plunging into them."

He felt his head jerk up from sheer nerves.

"Well," he snapped, "it's difficult to concentrate on one meal when you keep on talking about another." That was natural enough anyway—he usually snapped at her at breakfast.

"I'm sorry, James." She smiled that irritating, omniscient smile of hers. The smile that said without words, "Of course, I don't mind my husband being irritable—he's an author, and authors are bound to be irritable."

For years she'd treated him like that. As something queer, someone who earned his living in an odd sort of way, someone who wasn't normal. Instead of as a man who wanted to be loved.

It was inevitable someone like Celia should have come along. Inevitable.

Celia was twenty-nine. He was over fifty. And Molly—Molly was forty-eight. People were bound to think he was just a swine, discarding the woman he'd been married to for years to go to someone younger.

But it wasn't true. He loved Celia and she loved him—it was something that couldn't be stifled, something that couldn't be fought against. Hadn't they tried—both of them?

How could he go on growing old and dull with Molly—knowing all the time, dreaming all the time of the years that might have been?

Besides, he was treating Molly handsomely, generously. When she got over the first shock she'd realise that. She'd never want for anything . . .

James Selworthy suddenly saw that his plate was empty.

"Toast?"

He looked at the clock. Half-past nine already.

"No, I won't waste time. Several people to see in town—I'll get there as soon as I can."

It was the only way—a quick, clean break. He wasn't hard by nature—if he hung about he'd start getting sentimental. He got up and went into the hall to get his hat.

His case with the few things he'd be needing was waiting for him in the railway cloak-room. He'd put it there last week, taken it one afternoon when Molly was out playing bridge.

"Well, good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye. Don't be late for dinner."

He nodded. He couldn't trust his voice. He took one last, backward glance, then closed the door.

It was all over.

CELIA WILLOUGHBY got up earlier than usual. She just couldn't lie in bed. So much that was irrevocable and irretrievable was going to happen in the next few hours.

It seemed ridiculous that this was the last time she would ever wake up in the flat. That in future there would always be James . . .

Or would there?

How could she be sure — with James? He was so sensitive and afraid, so much the last kind of man who could ever kick over traces —even the traces of unhappiness.

Perhaps even now he had turned back, suddenly found he couldn't after all go on with it . . .

She could never be certain of him until she saw him waiting there for her at a quarter to eleven.

Poor James! He was so quiet and gentle and different from all the strong, decisive people he put into his novels.

She made herself some tea and wondered how it was she felt so calm and certain on the eve of running away with another woman's husband.

A year ago she'd have been horrified, terrified. If anyone had told her it was going to happen she'd have packed her things and run away miles to escape from it.

It was against everything she'd thought that mattered, opposed to everything she believed . . .

But James Selworthy had just been a name on the back of an occasional book from the library a year ago.

It's easy to have rules for life and easy to keep them—until you fall so desperately in love that nothing else seems to matter.

Of course, nobody would understand. They'd all sneer and talk and despise her ever after.

"Celia Willoughby!" they'd laugh. "Well, of course—when a girl's getting to her age she's got to grab a man somehow!"

They'd never know how she and James had struggled week after week against the tremendous force that had suddenly caught them up and bound them together. Like something in the pages of James' own novels.

But what did it matter how people talked? They'd be away from it all anyhow. People said rotten things about you behind your back whether you lived according to the code or not.

And James had said he could write in a country town as well as anywhere else. Probably better. So much more exciting than marrying a stockbroker or Civil servant.

Marrying—Celia's heart sank as it always did when she thought about marrying. Supposing Molly Selworthy didn't see reason? Became bitter and venomous — refused to petition for a divorce?

Well, what was marriage anyway? It could only be some sort of civil ceremony in an office in front of a clerk—now. Orange blossom and white lace and a church organ playing solemnly—that was a dream to be forgotten. A childhood dream.

A key turned in the front door. Mrs. Miller, the daily woman, was arriving—it must be nine.

"'Mornin', miss. Lovely day. Real November." Mrs. Miller stood still and stared, mouth open. "Why, miss, ain't you well?"

Celia froze. Bother the wretched woman, making her feel she was looking a wreck the very day she was running away with James.

"Quite well, thank you."

"Seeing you not dressed for going to business, I thought——"

"I'm not going to the office any more, Mrs. Miller."

"Not going—to——!" Mrs. Miller gasped.

"No. I—I'm leaving Sydney. In fact, Mrs. Miller, I'm going to-day." There—it was done. All these last days she'd been terrified of telling Mrs. Miller. Now it was out—a fact stated and settled.

"Then—then you won't be wantin' me no more, miss?"

"No, I'm afraid I shan't."

Mrs. Miller sniffed. "Bit sudden, ain't it?"

"My decision to—to go away has been sudden. Of course, I'll see you don't lose by it. I'll be giving you a month's money to last you till you find something else." She paused. "You've been very good to me—I shall always be ready to give you a first-class reference."

"Well, I never, miss! After all these years—five, ain't it?—I've bin comin' here to do for you. I shall miss you, that I will."

"I shall miss you too, Mrs. Miller."

"You—you ain't getting married, are you, miss?"

"No."

Mrs. Miller looked sorry. "All these years I been comin' here, I've been saying to meself: 'How nice it'll be to see 'er married.' Quite looked forward to it, I 'ave. Like a daughter." Mrs. Miller sighed. "And now—now I shan't never see it. It'll 'appen to you somewhere where I shan't be."

Heavens, if the woman didn't stop she'd scream—scream.

Mrs. Miller smiled. "But, Lor' bless you, 'e'll turn up one day, don't you worry!"

"Who?"

"Mr. Right. A nice girl like you don't stay single all her life, that's certain."

"As a matter of fact, Mrs. Miller, I'm running away with a man to-day. A married man! So I'd be very pleased if you——"

"Oh, miss!" Mrs. Miller's face quivered.

"I love him and—and he needs me."

"Wot about 'is wife—perhaps she feels the same?"

"His wife does not love him. She's dull and wrong and hopeless for him. If she wasn't he wouldn't be ready to run away with—with someone else."

"I 'ope you're right, miss. It 'ud be a terrible thing to be wrong about."

Celia Willoughby struggled to pull herself together. Why on earth was she talking to Mrs. Miller of all people about it?

"Well, it's all settled, anyway. There's no time left now for anything but getting ready."

"Very well, miss. Maybe the next lady as takes the flat'll be needin' a daily 'elp."

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A short story . . .

By MARGARET CARR

"NOBODY will come for three months, Mrs. Miller, for I've still got an agreement till then."

The agreement had already run out, but she'd had it extended for three months only last week. Just in case. In case James' courage failed him at the last minute and he wasn't there to meet her.

. . . . . .

James Selworthy walked to the station like a man in a dream. He saw nothing, he noticed nobody.

For he dare not see anything, dare not let someone come up to him and start to talk.

Perhaps never again would he come to this suburb that he had lived in for so many years. But now he wanted to see nothing of it. He wanted to forget—and think for the rest of his life of nothing and no one but Celia . . .

As he reached the station his heart jerked. There in the doorway, with her enormous back turned towards him, was Mrs. Lester-Collins. The town gossip — the town scandal-monger. It was some appeal day or other; she was bending down over her tray selling a poppy to somebody.

Discreetly he waited.

He must get into the station when she was busy. He couldn't bear to think of Mrs. Lester-Collins saying at every bridge party for the rest of her life: "And, my dear, I was the last person to speak to him that morning — the very last! I sold him a poppy. Oh, if I'd known! He never turned a hair despite what he was up to!"

At last she darted away in search of a more distant customer for one of her wretched poppies.

He slipped through the station door and bought his ticket quickly. A train was due in less than two minutes. He waited far down the end of the platform where nobody would see him; or, even if they did, where nobody would would bother to come and talk to him.

The train come in.

At last. He was on his way—his way to Celia!

James Selworthy sat back and sighed deeply. For the first time in his life he had made a real decision — and stuck to it!

. . . .

Celia Willoughby got there first.

It was where they had always met. A discreet, hidden place only a half-minute's walk from Wynyard Station.

She was punctual to the second. A wave of weakness swept through her when she saw he wasn't there.

He wasn't coming—his courage had failed him . . .

Oh, she was a fool to worry! It only made her look her worst — instead of her best. Why shouldn't he be a shade late? It had only just gone a quarter to eleven anyway. And he had nearly an hour's run into Town—a train could easily be five minutes late.

And then at last, at twelve minutes to, she saw him coming.

It was really settled.

They couldn't change their minds now. Neither he nor she . . .

"Darling," he said gently.

"Oh, James, you—you have come! I was so afraid you wouldn't."

"I've been running away from happiness all my life. I wasn't going to run from this last chance."

"Did—did you get away easily?"

"Incredibly easily."

"Oh, darling, I'm so glad! I was terrified you'd have some awful scene—something you could never forget——"

"Funny how difficult things seem—until you do them." He paused. "We'd better get a taxi to Central. I'll go and look for one."

He seemed hardly gone when he was back again sitting in the taxi. The driver had a red nose and ginger-colored whiskers. Celia smiled—James had found the most unromantic taxi-driver in Sydney.

She got in—the taxi jerked on its way.

"At last," he murmured.

She took his hand and pressed it reassuringly. So much of his life in these last few years had been spent in melancholy. She had to let him know how much she wanted to change all that.

And then suddenly—without the slightest warning—the taxi stopped!

"Confound the man! He's broken down." James shifted in his seat and peered forward through the window.

The taxi-driver glared back.

"We'll miss the train by the time we've got our bags out of the cloak-room."

And then Celia realised. The strange silence outside the taxi—the abrupt, uncanny atmosphere everywhere . . .

"James!" She caught his arm almost fiercely. "It's Armistice Day—the Eleventh—the Silence——!"

He stared at her.

Neither of them had had time or thought to remember it. They hadn't known the date—or, if they had, they had known it only as the day they were going to rebuild their lives together.

They'd been so engrossed in their own decision that the things other people were doing or thinking about had passed by unnoticed.

A tram from somewhere in the city a few seconds behind the rest stopped abruptly. Complete silence fell.

. . . . . .

The war.

James Selworthy saw himself again as he had been back in 1915. Happily married to Molly. A young lieutenant. They'd been married eighteen months when he'd joined up.

Their little house in the suburb they'd been so proud of finding, of being able to afford.

But even a lieutenant's pay had been very much less than the salary he'd given up—he hadn't even started to be a popular writer then . . .

Molly saying good-bye, crying desperately as he tore himself away.

And then her letters. "I've got a job—we shan't have to lose the house after all—I can keep everything going till it's all over and you come back."

THOSE letters that made even Flanders mud seem bearable.

She'd been so brave. "We've got to keep our house. After the war there'll be so much to get over—we must have the old house to start life again in."

Coming back . . . James Selworthy's eyes blurred as he remembered what it had meant to come back—back to Molly!

And now—now he was deserting her for a younger woman. Forgetting everything in the past, throwing away the past as if it was something dead instead of something that could still suddenly come to life . . .

He couldn't do it. It was wrong and wicked and intolerable.

And he'd got to—it was too late. Celia was here sitting beside him.

. . . . . .

Celia thought of her father.

Every year in the two minutes' silence she thought of her father.

Very young she'd been in the war but she remembered him just as vividly as if it was only yesterday her mother had gone to the door and received that dreadful telegram.

He'd seemed to know—that he'd never come home again.

They'd talked a lot together. He'd taken her out into the country alone and talked so seriously .

"Whatever you do in life never do anything that isn't clean—however much you think you ought to. You won't understand that now, but you'll understand more when you're older . . .

"Never behave to other people in a way you couldn't stand them behaving to you. It's better to give up anything, however much you want it, than take it away from someone else.

"We shall never get rid of terrible things like this war until people stop being selfish and greedy and thinking only of themselves . . ."

Oh, he'd said so many things that last day before he left. Just ordinary, silly, amusing things sometimes.

Why must she be remembering these other serious things now?

And then she suddenly saw him just as he was then—saw him quite plainly as if he was sitting in the taxi.

She saw his lips move, she saw a hurt, pleading look in his eyes . . .

"You know it won't do, Celia. It isn't clean. You can't run off with this man. He belongs to another woman, and you're never going to forget how much you've hurt her.

"Supposing out of sheer misery this woman killed herself—or went mad?

"How could either of you ever be happy? How could he forget, however hard you tried to make him?"

Oh, it was just what he would have said if he hadn't been killed in the war.

The first of the tram cars moved—the noise and life of Sydney began again.

. . . . . .

James Selworthy stared out of the window.

What could he say?

How could he suddenly tell Celia that the didn't want to break away after all? That if he did he could never be happy?

Two minutes—and so much that had seemed certain had dissolved into nothing.

He didn't love this girl—he was still in love with his wife.

He opened his mouth.

"Celia!"

"Oh, James, I——"

"I feel I can't—I——"

"So—so do I—we mustn't——"

"I'm sorry—I've treated you badly, dreadfully," James blurted out, avoiding her gaze.

"You haven't. We'd never have been happy."

She leant forward and spoke to the driver. He hardly heard what she said.

"There—I've settled it. He's going to stop at the corner. And then I'm going—and you must go home, too."

Already the taxi was slowing down.

"What's going to happen to you?" he said. "You won't——?"

She smiled. "No, James, I won't. I'll be all right. It was all a mistake, and we've discovered just in time."

As she walked away from the taxi a feeling of relief surged over her. She hoped Mrs. Miller hadn't got fixed up with anybody else . . .

James Selworthy arrived home in time for lunch.

"Got through quicker than I expected," he said.

Molly sighed. "Oh, you can't think what an awful thing I did to-day. I forgot all about the two minutes' silence.

"I was busy in the house, and it wasn't till past twelve that I remembered anything about it.

"Still, I didn't mean to—I don't suppose it mattered."

James Selworthy took his wife in his arms and kissed her.

"No, I don't suppose it mattered," he murmured.

(Copyright)

FOR VALOR

Did you dream, little boy, as
I sang to you
And you drowsily closed
your blue eyes,
With what daring and gay-
hearted gallantry
You would travel the paths
of the skies?

Did you know, little son with
the sturdy legs,
As you shouted and played
with the rest,
You would leave me alone
with a proud, wrung
heart,
Your Victoria Cross on my
breast?

—R. Aston.

Illustrated by VIRGIL

"I've treated you—dreadfully," James blurted out, avoiding her gaze.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4714700

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

A Complete Short Story

By . . .

LEO SPERO

Snatching Estelle up in his arms, Jim staggered through the smoke onto the fire escape.

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

"IT seems hardly possible," Estelle Maroni joined her scarlet-tipped hands behind her shapely head. "Here I am, back in my old home, a great actress——"

"It isn't possible," interrupted the young man in the armchair. "You're not. Not a great actress, I mean. I can listen well, Estelle, but I couldn't possibly let that one by."

"Do you have to be rude?" she asked, not bothering to turn round and look at him. "But there, you always were the rudest boy in the town. You always picked on me, and you do still. I don't mind."

Much to her annoyance she could not catch his eye in the reflection from the ornate threefold mirror which enclosed her dressing-table. Like everything else in this very up-to-date dressing-room it was faintly old-fashioned in style, though the theatre and everything in it aimed at modernity. This was the star's dressing-room, and Estelle Maroni was the star of the moment.

Thrilled by the news of her Personal Appearance, for One Night Only, all Parktown had taken seats. It would be amusing to see who occupied the best ones. In seven years there was plenty of time for some of the Ups to come Down, and some of the Downs to come Up.

"I was one of the Downs," thought Estelle, "seven years ago. So was he. Now we're both among the Ups. Wonder if he really owns the theatre. Wish I could ask him."

Nobody in Parktown, except the manager of the County Bank and possibly old Grummidge, the most expensive and dusty lawyer for miles around, could have answered her question. Either of them was as likely to answer it as an oyster.

The few questions she had ventured at the hotel and in some of the shops during the day, as to just how important a young man Jim Jellett was, had brought her no information at all, beyond a general agreement that he was important.

She always knew he would be, some day. But hardly with such breakneck speed. Why, he was only a couple of years older than herself. Couldn't be more than twenty-eight at the most.

"I suppose you're wondering," said Jim Jellett, "why I don't appear to be as deeply impressed as I should be?"

SHE still couldn't catch his eye through the mirror, for he was apparently addressing his remarks to the ceiling. How completely he had retained that faculty for irritating!

Against her better judgment she reacted snappily to his remark. "I was only wondering," she said, "why you should be so boorish now when you were so nice to me in London."

To her surprise he accepted the charge on its merits. "This town," he said, blowing meditative smoke-rings over her head, "does things to you. I don't suppose you had time to notice that."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the air's full of jealousy. You know how, as kids, we always used to hear people run down in our own family circle and outside? Or have you forgotten?"

"No. I've not forgotten."

"Well, the whole place is rotten with local resentments. They're only half-comprehended jokes to such kids as we were when we last saw each other. But when you reach your full age, by Jove, don't they get you! It's in the air. That's why most young fellows leave Parktown if they want to get on. I expect that's why you left, isn't it?"

"I certainly did leave because I wanted to get on." What was he driving at in this detached, impersonal *duologue*?

"You had more pluck than most girls. Anyway, you'd have left in a year or two. There was nothing for you here. Not with your gifts."

She looked swiftly round at him over her shoulder. "Oh, I have gifts, then?"

"Oh, yes. Quite definitely."

"How kind of you to say so!"

He clicked his teeth impatiently. "It's not kind of me . . . However, to resume the theme of my discourse . . ."

"Must you?"

"Certainly. It interests me. It ought to interest you."

"Why should it?"

"Because, my dear girl, you will be able to observe, in a few minutes from now, the phenomenon of an entire provincial town, more or less, developing hysteria over one of its own daughters just because she's gone away to find fame, and come back famous. Somebody with a big S.

"Now you might have remained here and become Somebody—not on the stage, that is hardly to be expected, but perhaps in some other way. You might, for example, have Married Well, also in capital letters. And Parktown, so far from acclaiming you, would never have forgiven you. Just as Parktown has never forgiven me."

She powdered her white neck provocatively. He was looking. He could not help looking.

"I thought," she said, "that the theme would have to come round again to Mr. James Jellett, in the end."

"I enjoy talking about myself," he commented, with composure.

"So I've observed."

"But I wouldn't do it to anyone else in this dog's-hole, except you. I hate 'em just as much as they hate me, and with better reason. They hate me because I've stayed here and got on, beginning from nothing, under their very noses, in spite of them. That's no reason for hating a man, is it?"

She began to powder her back, twisting her shining shoulders to see it better in the glass. "There may be a better reason than you realise. I could imagine, for example, that your excellent opinion of yourself would rouse black rage in most people you came across."

"Does it do so with you?"

"Oh, no. I don't mind. I don't take you seriously enough."

"That's not true. Still, it doesn't matter. After all, now I'm back in the dear old home town, the miasma's got me again. I can see you're only the average film-star, after all. And you might have been an interesting woman, with a life of your own."

The white back whirled round. The lovely eyes flashed fire. "What d'you mean? D'you suppose I haven't got a life of my own . . .?"

The voice of the call-boy whined outside. "Miss Maroni. Three minutes, Miss Maroni."

Jimmy jerked his thumb towards the voice on the other side of the door. "There's your answer, my dear. Estelle Maroni calling Stella Marsden. Let's go."

. . . . . .

It was all over at last, the tumult and the shouting had died, and the local captains and kings were departing through the lavishly-illuminated foyer, with or back to their wives. Not all the wives had come to pay homage to the girl who had made good.

Some who had been at school with her, or had attended schools more expensive than the Marsdens could afford, developed diplomatic headaches. They were not going to contribute to the triumph of any trumpery little screen actress whom they remembered when she was just Nobody. Theirs was the true spirit of Parktown, the spirit which had made it—and left it—what it was.

All their husbands, strange to say, produced excellent reasons—official and semi-official—to explain why they could not possibly stop away. "And you must admit," Estelle said to Jim back in her dressing-room, "that the men were perfectly sweet. Especially the Mayor."

"That was the swine who tried to have me summoned for stealing apples from his kitchen-garden. He's sweet to me—now. Circumstances, my dear Stella, alter cases. Even police-court cases."

She looked at him with shining eyes. "Oh, but don't I remember! It was because I said how I loved those apples that you stole them."

"Nothing of the sort!" He seemed astonishingly indignant over a trifle. "I stole the things because I wanted them. You needn't tell a barefaced lie about it."

Stella rose, turned round, faced him with anger half daunted by some fear and hesitancy she could not explain. "If that's the way you think you can talk to me, don't you agree that it might be a good idea for you to leave?"

He scowled at the Persian rug, looked up suddenly, scowled at her, then smiled. Perhaps it was the unexpected contrast, perhaps it was just something unique in the man himself. Whatever it was, that smile quickened her heart and merged mere forgiveness into something far more personal.

"I'm sorry," he said. And when he held out his hand, even though he did not rise—what a boor he was!—she had to take it.

She sat down again, turned again to the mirror. He had said he was sorry, and she'd been fool enough to accept it as sufficient. Any other man would have had to abase himself before her. This man had not even risen to make his perfunctory apology.

Please turn to page 10

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How Australian pilots bomb Berlin

THESE LADS BOMBED BERLIN—they used to be city clerks.

Gallant daredevils tell us all about their raids

By beam wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

"Cheerio! Don't forget I've got the first dance!" yelled a fairhaired Australian pilot as he climbed into a Wellington bomber at dusk at an aerodrome somewhere in England. He was one of a dozen captains of a crack bomber squadron hopping off for the biggest raid Berlin had yet experienced.

I was the only woman at the aerodrome, and just before they'd been "briefed" (given their final directions) they'd invited me to a dance in a country town nearby.

CAREFREE, casual, light-hearted, like a lot of schoolboys, these "young knights of the air" do not take themselves seriously.

From their attitude off duty it is almost impossible to believe that these are the men who have beaten back the pride of Goring's Luftwaffe; these—in Churchill's phrase—"young knights of the air"; these select few to whom "so many owe so much."

I, however, glimpsed something of the seriousness which lies behind their casualness when with pride and a wealth of technical detail they showed me over the aerodrome and their "ships."

I watched the deadly cargo of bombs, the belts of bullets being loaded into the machines.

Message to Hitler

AS one load of bombs came up the ammunition officer said to me: "I hear you've been bombed out of your flat; well, write your address on this fellow"—indicating a yellow-painted five-hundred-pounder — "and I promise you he'll be delivered where he'll do most good.

"That won't be on civilian flats or hospitals, but right smack on one of Hitler's war factories."

I wrote in red pencil the address of my flat, which is now only a heap of rubble and twisted girders, and thought of those six women and the hall porter I'd seen carried out dead and mutilated from the ruins.

A few hours later a pilot told me the bomb had been delivered right in the middle of an ammunition dump, causing such an explosion that the great Wellington, nearly 2000 feet above the target, had been tossed upward like a feather.

I was privileged to spend three days with various bomber squadrons, and saw them hop off in the dusk and watched them return before dawn after raiding Berlin, Gelsekirchen, Potsdam, Magdeburg, and other centres.

Among Australians I saw hop off on the 600-mile flight through storm and ice, through flaming onions and bursting A.A. shells, searchlights, and balloon-barrages, were Pilot-Officer Hugh Hordern, tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed sprig of Australia's noted family.

Before getting into the R.A.F. he bought his own plane and learned to fly at Brooklands.

Hordern is one of the most daring dive-bombers in this squadron of daredevils.

He invited me to sit in the plane, and as I sat for a second in the pilot's seat he explained what some of the mass of instruments were for.

I couldn't help feeling that if he had to watch all these dials, it is a wonder he'd any time to fly a plane, let alone to dive-bomb a particular target!

Fifteenth raid

"IT'S too cold up above," he explained when I asked him about his dive-bombing, "so we go right down and get warm by the fires we light for ourselves."

Another Australian I saw hop off Berlin-bound was Pilot-Officer Jack Slatter, of West Australia, who trained at Cranwell.

He'd already made six raids on various parts of Germany, but this was his first shot at Berlin.

Former Qantas pilot Squadron-Leader Pat Lynch-Bloss, who has the D.F.C. for bombing the Junkers factory, was making his sixth trip to Berlin and his fifteenth trip to Germany.

Putting the sting into the tail of a Wellington was Rear-Gunner Pilot-Officer Tom Bax, from Adelaide, former St. Peter's boy and woolclasser.

"I like to take a shot at the searchlights," he told me. "I've got a lonely position back here in the tail, where I've only got an altimeter for company, and when I get no chance at Nazi fighters I try to put out searchlights.

"It gets terribly cold sometimes, and when it's 22 degrees below zero I sometimes wish I were back in Adelaide."

Squadron - Leader Waverley Cameron, from Brisbane, is a veteran of the R.A.F. His raids on Germany have become, in his own words, "a routine job." He's done both day and night raids.

"I like night flying best," he said.

Each time I saw these boys climb into the ungainly-looking Wellingtons, heard their engines roar into life, and watched the ships transformed into graceful, swanlike shapes as they took the air before disappearing into the gathering dusk, I felt a tightening of the throat.

Then the station officers accompanied me back to the operations room, where members of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force worked side by side with the men, plotting the positions and taking signals, coding and decoding, telephoning, teleprinting, and typing.

SQUADRON-LEADER LYNCH-BLOSS, who has been bombing Berlin. Former Qantas pilot, "L.-B." was photographed here being greeted by his wife when he landed the flying-boat Coo-ee at Rose Bay.

Here I was almost able to follow the flight of the raiders as closely as if I had been watching them.

It was blowing hard and chilly as we went out before dawn, when we heard a faint drone in the distance which rapidly increased to a roar.

Almost before we reached the edge of the drome the first Wellington swooped down and came taxi-ing towards us.

As boyish South African Pilot-Officer O'Conner climbed out, followed by his crew, and ran to us, another Wellington roared overhead, and so with clockwork regularity they came down until "all our planes returned safely."

Before the last machine was in, an Intelligence Officer was interrogating the first crews.

Terrors, dangers, and cold of the night seemed to be forgotten as they made out their reports, for those who'd "hurried back" to go to the dance seemed to want to dismiss the daring feats they had recorded and signed.

Hordern's cocker spaniel barked a welcome, and he bent down and patted it while he laconically reported diving down to bomb his target.

Frozen coffee

PILOT-OFFICER BAX told me: "It gets freezingly cold, but I am getting used to that. Anyway, I now have electric wires attached to my hands and feet, and they are plugged in to the current.

"I also have an oxygen mask, and when I took it off to have some coffee I spilled some and it turned into ice.

"We dropped a thousand-pound 'egg' which gave off a terrific explosion which I had to strain to see."

"Slats" (Pilot-Officer Slatter) had to undergo quite a lot of good-natured leg-pulling, for he had had a narrow escape over Germany when his plane got into a spin, and before he got out of it his machine was down so low that his wireless cable trailed over the treetops.

"Did you think you'd be having something ersats for breakfast?" a fellow-pilot asked.

"Yes," replied Slatter. "At one stage I told the crew to bail out, but they called back to me, 'Stick it, Skipper!'

"My hair was standing on end as the machine came down, and when it righted itself we made straight for home without a word from any one of us."

Lynch-Bloss had little to say. He just made out his report and signed it. But his observer told me something of this wizard pilot and navigator.

"L.B. we call him, and he's so grand we wouldn't fly with anyone else," said the observer. "When I work out the route we have held he will take his slide-rule, check over my figures, and if we pop down out of a cloud we are always dead on the spot."

After the reports had been made out there was hot beef tea or cocoa for everyone, and after an unceremonious leave-taking the crews piled into cars for a race across country roads to a dance.

LIPS THAT INSPIRE LOVE

Soft but not greasy—Alluring but not painted

Men thrill to the tempting softness of Tangee lips. They hate harsh, greasy, painted lips!

Tangee is *the* lipstick that can't give a painted look. It isn't paint! Orange in the stick, Tangee magically *changes color* on your lips to blush-rose. Smooth it on a second time and they become a rosy-red. For a still more vivid shade use Tangee Theatrical. Made with a *special cream* base Tangee goes on smoothly, stays on longer.

Invite romance, let Tangee keep your lips soft, natural, youthful looking.

For radiant natural color in cheeks use Tangee Rouge (Creme or Compact). And Tangee Powder gives your skin a fascinating underglow.

Discover your individual beauty. Try Tangee make-up tonight.

World's Most Famous Lipstick TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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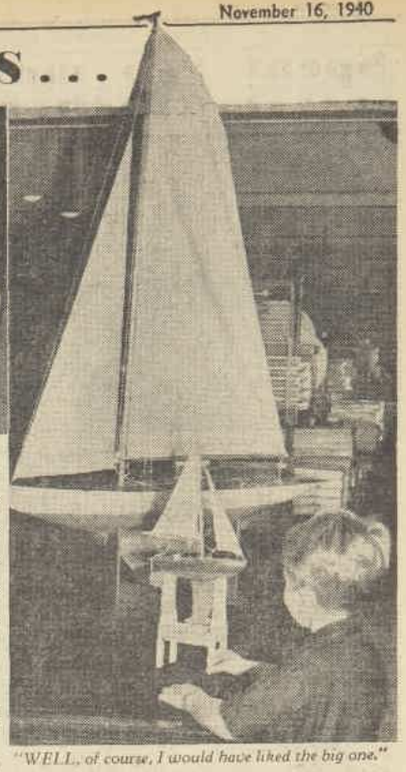
AUSTRALIAN-MADE for CHRISTMAS . . .

AUSTRALIAN-MADE TOYS. Baby doll with hand-made trousseau, rubber replicas of fighting men, and a plush dog.



"WELL, of course, I would have liked the big one."

Local toy industry takes a sleigh-ride forward

"Ooh, gee! I hope Father Christmas brings me an aeroplane like that". . .

With freckled nose pressed flat against a shop window which displayed toys for Christmas, 1940, a five-year-old boy looked longingly at a red-and-silver aeroplane.

He was Australian, and so was the steel model plane which cost 3/3.

THE neatly finished toy was indicative of the way in which Australian manufacturers are planning to provide locally-made toys of high grade, to replace the former imports.

Every day in every Australian State, factories are beginning to turn out novel toys, designed by Australians and exhibiting the finest craftsmanship of hand and machine.

The greatest advance in Australian toys has been made in wooden and material products, but many manufacturers are starting to concentrate on mechanical toys.

"By this time next year I am sure that the entire market will be supplied from home factories," said the buyer of a large city store.

"See that railway carriage over there!" he said, and pointed to a 14-inch double bogie carriage, painted yellow and brown.

"It is a faithful replica of a suburban carriage, and is the work of one man who has been perfecting it for some months.

"We can sell that carriage for 7/6, while a similar imported article would cost at least 25/-.

"Manufacturers assure us that when they are producing the cheaper type of toy that might sell at a couple of shillings, the standard will be quite equal to any of the imported lines that have been our only source up to date."

A tour around the city's shops showed some charming and novel toys to delight the heart of youth.

SNOOPY SNIFFLER, Australian version of the famous Pluto.

An invalid lad with clever hands has designed and made a model wooden baker's cart, complete with horse. He has as many orders for it as he can take.

Young "mothers"

WITH what loving hands small girls will dress and undress the baby dolls that lie tucked in blue or pink lined bassinets.

Australian hands wove the bassinets, and sewed or knitted the fascinating trousseau that goes with each doll. The whole outfit costs over £2/2/-, but less expensive ones are available.

For the children who want a soldier, sailor, or airman doll, a local designer has provided them with the finished article in durable rubber for 7/11.

An Australian armored car painted dark green is on the market this Christmas.

Built on the latest lines, and costing £3/9/-, it is large enough to hold two small boys. Mounted in front is a model machine-gun.

More peaceful and certainly much more beautiful are the hand-made yachts, guaranteed to sail.

A choice is available at a price ranging from a few shillings to several guineas.

Comical toys abound. There is the Snoopy Sniffler, an Australian version of the famous Pluto, at 12/6.

In wood painted black and white, Snoopy has gorgeous droopy leather ears, and a waggley wire tail. When pulled along by the cord around his throat, Snoopy walks in a sort of crazy rhythm.

There are wooden ducks on wheels, washable leather rabbits, and every animal in the farmyard in colored plush. They cost from 2/6 upwards.

Educational toys are advancing rapidly. To teach children color and counting, red, green, yellow, pink, purple, or blue futuristic shaped wooden blocks are mounted on wheeled trays.

In small sizes, these cost 3/11, and in more elaborate scale up to 12/6.

A complete Morse set and key for 22/6 will start many boys, and probably girls in this wartime era, learning to signal by Morse.

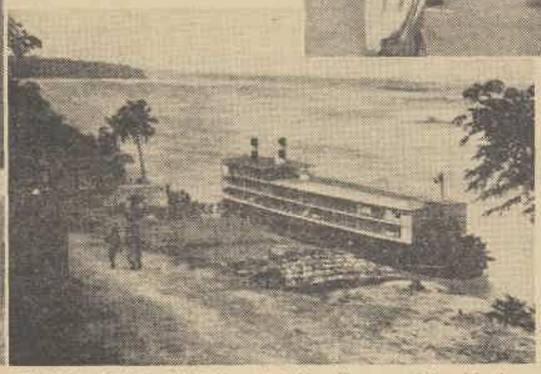
Whether Santa Claus is to supply expensive or moderately priced toys, it is certain that his bag this year will contain many a bulging parcel that will be labelled, "MADE IN AUSTRALIA."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4714703

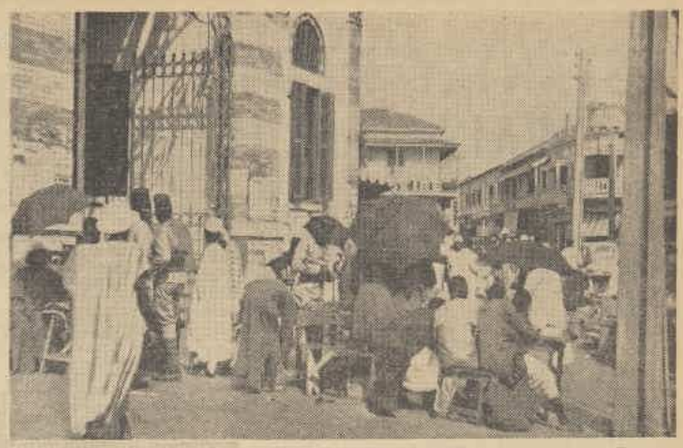
Spent two months in the hottest spot on earth . . .

Englishwoman tells of stranding in French Equatorial Africa

MRS. LILLIAS HOOVER (right), with Madame Van Der Wych, another passenger in the Jean Laborde from Marseilles.



BELGIAN RIVER BOAT in which Mrs. Hoover and her friends travelled down the Congo and its tributary, the Kasai, to the borders of Northern Rhodesia.



TYPICAL STREET SCENE in a town in French Equatorial Africa. Mrs. Hoover, with other passengers in the Jean Laborde, was delayed two months at Pointe Noire.

Vessel fled to port when France capitulated

Stranded for two months in the French African fever port of Pointe Noire after Petain's capitulation, Mrs. Lillias Hoover has arrived in Australia from Marseilles.

When France fell, the ship in which she was travelling raced to port to await orders.

The ship lay off the shore in the terrific heat of Pointe Noire, called the hottest spot on earth. The food ran short, and passengers fretted and fumed at the delay and lack of news. "Nobody knew what had happened or where we would go," said Mrs. Hoover.

"WE ate tropical fruits and bread as elastic as a concertina," she added.

It was a roundabout trip to Australia—it cost, incidentally, £300—all due to the fact that Mrs. Hoover was one of five English people aboard the French vessel Jean Laborde, bound for Singapore, when France capitulated.

In those desperate days at the end of May, when English people were pouring out of France, Mrs. Hoover decided to go to Singapore to her brother, and from there to Hongkong to her daughter.

Twelve hours before the ship was due to berth at Capetown news came of the fall of France.

The vessel seethed with rumors. Then the bar-steward said to Mrs. Hoover: "Madame, look at the sun!"

The ship had turned around; the captain was taking it back to Pointe Noire, nearest port on the coast of French Equatorial Africa.

No one knew where the ship's orders were coming from — Vichy or the French Admiralty.

"The only thing to do was to wait and see," said Mrs. Hoover. "It was no use becoming panic-stricken.

"I had lived in France a long time. I understood French people. The capitulation was a great blow to those who had many friends among the French."

Pointe Noire, Mrs. Hoover was told, was so called because it was the last French African port in which slave-trading survived.

Its concealed position on a low-lying part of the coast made it a safe base for the buccaneers with their human cargoes.

European residents of Pointe Noire did not welcome the Jean Laborde.

It was the second French ship to take refuge there; regular supplies were disorganised, and the town was already short of food.

"Restaurants would not serve the ship's passengers," said Mrs. Hoover, "but before the end of our stay the town was glad to have our cargo, destined originally for the Indies, and mostly of tinned stuff.

"Butter ran out. So did flour. We ate bread made with manioc, a native root, or the same product served instead of potatoes.

"There was no meat left on board and animals were brought to the beach near the ship to be slaughtered. On the other French ship they were slaughtered on board."

Mrs. Hoover, having the attitude towards heat emphasised in Noel Coward's "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," did not find the enforced stay as boring as the other passengers.

"Out in midday sun"

"IT was two miles from our anchorage along the beach to the town," she said. "People said, 'Nobody walks in the tropics, or goes out in the sun.' I did and enjoyed it.

"I made a number of friends there, too, among them M. and Madame Reynaud, nephew and niece-in-law of the former French Premier.

Day by day the passengers waited, always hearing rumors, always expecting to sail.

"I thought I would be there forever," said Mrs. Hoover. "Like most of the passengers I had been able to take very little money out of France, and a trip overland was bound to be expensive.

"There was a stir in the monotony when 14 people managed to set forth by one of the bi-weekly trains to Leopoldville, in the Belgian Congo. I believe they were financed by a rich Dutchman who had managed to smuggle in French money, and hoped to get rid of it thus and be repaid in guilders in the Dutch Indies.

"Leopoldville, capital of the Belgian Congo, was 20 hours' journey away by train and thence by boat across Stanley Pool.

"The nearest British Consul was there, and at last a telegram to him brought results. He advised me that there was some money from England awaiting me.

"With three friends, two Dutch and one French, I decided to leave.

"They had magnificent cars, but even less ready cash than I. We asked for a refund on our passage money; instead we were asked to sign a statement of indebtedness to the company for board and lodging!"

At Leopoldville, a flourishing town with 2000 white inhabitants, Mrs. Hoover and her friends considered ways of reaching Capetown.

From there she intended to continue her journey east. Later she found that her daughter had been evacuated from Hongkong, and decided to join her in Australia.

The party had hoped to drive to Capetown, but the cars, though handsome, were not suited to rough tracks through African wilds.

The only thing to do was wait for three weeks for a river steamer down the Congo and its tributary, the Kasai.

"Even though four of us used to share one breakfast, and supplement it with fruit I bought from the native market," Mrs. Hoover said, "we found the hotel too expensive.

"We appealed to the Church of England missionaries, a Mr. and Mrs. Coxhill, and are eternally grateful for their kindness. Although it is not usual, they allowed us to board at the mission house in Leopoldville at a low rate.

Negro was host

"AND here we met one of our most charming acquaintances of Africa, a full-blooded negro and gentleman, Samuel Lubeti.

"This man, who spoke several languages, was in charge of the mission house.

"He entertained us like a king. In a smaller house in the compound he had a wife and three children, but they were shy and we saw little of them.

"When we came to board the river steamer we were sorry to say good-bye to such a good friend.

"The little Belgian river steamer wended a leisurely way down the jungle-bordered Congo.

"Built on the lines of the old Mississippi show boats, it burnt wood, and three times a day stopped for refuelling.

"There were about 20 passengers on board," Mrs. Hoover said, "including two English boys, both of whom were oil-planters. Oil-planter sounds an odd term, but one of the main products of the Congo is the oil-palm.

"We stopped at about 30 native villages en route. The English lads had to be restrained from bathing in the river, which was full of crocodiles. We saw no wild animals, however.

"In fact, in the whole three months in Africa I never saw a lion."

After nine days' sailing the travellers reached Port Franqui, terminus of the navigable river route . . . from there by train to Elisabethville, and then at last into British territory — Northern Rhodesia.

Mrs. Hoover went by train to Capetown, thence had to go to Durban before she could board an Australia-bound ship.

"What happened to the Jean Laborde or its passengers I do not know," said Mrs. Hoover. "I received a cryptic newspaper clipping, obviously heavily censored, from friends in Africa, saying that it eventually sailed . . . but where to, or what happened to its passengers, I do not yet know. It may be a long time before we do."

New Loveliness for You!

98. *"Ordinary eye-brow pencil moistened with a little 'Vaseline' Jelly makes an inexpensive and effective eye-shadow. Only the slightest smear on the lids is necessary to bring out the lustre of tired or dull eyes."—Miss E. Pratt, 50a Abbott St., North Sydney, New South Wales.*

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100. *"Every night I pat 'Vaseline' Jelly on my face and wipe it off to remove make-up and leave my skin smooth and clean."—Miss M. Soflas, Rathmines, Bunbury, W.A.*

101. *"Before starting to iron I always rub 'Vaseline' Jelly into my hands to prevent the heat from drying them."—Miss I. Abernathe, Home Turn Rd., Winnunga, N.S.W.*

102. *"I find 'Vaseline' Jelly excellent for sore or inflamed eyes. Smear a little round the lids each night before going to bed."—Miss Cook, 3 Clifford Ave., Thornleigh, N.S.W.*

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Wear a FIGURE CONTROL CORSET to secure a slender, graceful figure. Reduce 2 inches in a week; 3 inches in 10 days. This beautiful corset will give you straight, slender lines, thus enabling you to wear chic, youthfully-cut clothes immediately. Figure sag vanishes. Bulges are smoothed out—you actually REDUCE at waist, hips, and thighs, and you look and feel so much younger, so much smarter.

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET gives natural balanced support. It slims your hips and waist and flattens out your abdomen with positive cross-over frontal control. Its gentle, almost imperceptible, massage-like action reduces your waistline and beautifies your figure with every move you make.

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1 Positive cross-over frontal control—no busks or lacing—no back opening.

2 Simplified, adjustable fastening, allowing for reduction of waist and hips.

3 Special spiral boning for comfort, flexibility and figure beauty.

4 Imperial elastic inserts, under positive stretch control, assuring NO BULGES and gentle changing pressure for reduction of waistline and hips.

5 Figure Control Corset tailor-made to any desired length.

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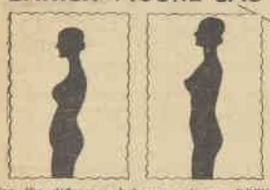

See the difference between ordinary DOWN pull and FIGURE CONTROL UPLIFT. The graph on the right shows how FIGURE CONTROL supports the figure as Nature intended—gives you taller, slimmer, smoother lines.

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I want you to try the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days at my expense. In this way you can prove quickly and definitely that the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and uplift to your abdomen, and lovely, slim, youthful grace and energy to your figure. Every corset supplied is NEW—direct from the workrooms to the wearer. If not perfectly satisfied, you can return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Call or post the FREE coupon NOW.

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Glorify your hair with the Camilatone Beauty ROUTINE, add sparkle, enrich the colour, "let the sunshine in." Simply cleanse with Camilatone, the gentlest of shampoos, then rinse with Tonrinz. That's all, but the result will be a revelation to you. Special Camilatone Shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold at 6d. each. Tonrinz separately at 3d. each.

Camilatone
BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ

Personal Appearance

Continued from page 6

HE was once again the lanky, dark-haired, swift-smiling schoolboy of fifteen whom she had followed on so many escapades. He fascinated her then, dominated her then. It was still the same. There was no difference in the equation between them. And yet—and yet . . . she wasn't going to let him dominate her, even though the mastery showed in his eyes, in the smile flickering about his strong mouth, in every lazy gesture he made.

The white back was stiff with resentment. But she was too unsure of herself to look at him in the mirror and show it in her eyes. She was afraid they might soften, remembering other days. And because there was nothing more she could say she did not speak.

But he did. "Your Personal Appearance," he said, "is extremely effective at this particular moment. I wonder whether you are beautiful after all. I should hate to think that I had caught the Parktown disease, and would not see your beauty because I'd known you when—when you were a plain little girl seven years ago. Are you beautiful, Stella?"

She made no reply, but went on adding unnecessary touches to a face already sufficiently adorned. In a minute or two she would rise and invite him to go. He could walk downstairs with her if he liked, but no farther. She would not even come out with him, and give him the satisfaction of being seen with her by the waiting rows of autograph fiends.

But she wasn't going yet. She would not let him think he could embarrass her so much. Let him get up and go off by himself, and see how little she cared whether he stayed or not, whether he was in the room or not, whether he existed or not.

He blew more smoke-rings, and addressed the ceiling in the same meditative tone. "Perhaps you weren't plain at all, even in those days. Goodness knows, I used to think you lovely enough. But I was a young ass then. And lovely or not, you were nice. You were my Stella then, my little star. I used to think no name could be more appropriate. And now you're everybody's star, aren't you? Funny, eh? But it's what happens. Isn't it?"

She still made no answer. But when he ceased to speak she knew she was longing for him to go on. Even in this cool, half-sardonic, half-resentful, altogether aggressive monologue of his she was seeking all the time for the undertone of affection, if only the old boy-and-girl relationship that was so warm and comforting seven short years ago.

Suppose she had never gone away. He had begged her not to go. He had asked her to wait, to think again, to give Parktown a chance. If he had given her the one reason why she should wait which would have kept her . . . but he hadn't done that. Perhaps he had hinted at it. But hinting wasn't speaking; not with Stella Marsden, however it might be with Estelle Maroni.

AND now, at last, she rose, and now she spoke, at last, "I must get back to the hotel."

"My dear girl," he said, "we're going to supper at the Plaza."

She yawned, very slightly, but right in his face. "Are we?"

"You know we are." He was angry now. Not very angry, but sufficiently so to give her a tiny thrill of pleasure. He tried to take her arm, but she drew back from him with icy repulsion, and he did not repeat the movement.

"I know I'm going home to bed," she told him in level tones. "I ought to have gone twenty minutes ago."

He stood looking at her with an air of almost farcical detachment. Any offence he had felt momentarily was dissipated now. She might have been a thing of stone for all he seemed to care. Neither spoke, and neither made a move. The room became as still as the grave.

And then suddenly a bell clanged out on the quiet midnight air. A loud, angry, frightening sound. He opened the door, and as he did so a blast of acrid smoke swept in from below, and behind it came ugly, crackling sounds.

He slammed the door back again, threw open the window, and in the darkened windows of the building opposite saw the savage glare of the flames licking up from the ground floor of the theatre thirty feet below. White as death she watched him, but made no move. And as the fire-engine drew nearer the flames drew nearer.

Without a word he snatched her up in his arms, flung the door open again, fought his way through the choking corridor to the fire-escape.

He bore her weight as if it were a feather. And he knew his way, never hesitating a step, though the smoke was now far too thick to see which way to turn.

Choking, shutting her eyes tight to keep out the pain of the smoke, she was still not afraid.

This was like the old days. This was like the time when he was not afraid to touch her, when he would use the excuse of boyish friendship to take her grown womanhood in his arms.

For a few moments suffocation overcame her. He staggered out at last on to the iron fire-escape, looked down into the seething fury below, and without hesitation took his way upward, holding her tight now, so tight. Once, for a moment, he paused on a landing, gasping for breath, but smiling down at her.

"Frightened, old lady?"

She smiled back, shaking her head. It was the old Jimmy Jellett, using the well-remembered, well-loved formula of reassurance against the dangers of any mad escapade on which she would follow him so readily, with so much confidence that he would bring her safely to the end.

SHE wasn't afraid, not of the smoke, or of the fire. Not of the peril of death, or even of losing Jimmy Jellett.

And now he set her down on the flat edge of the roof, and peered over the parapet, shouting to the firemen until they saw him and ran up the escape-ladder like some conjuring trick.

As the first gleaming helmet appeared over the parapet, he turned to her and held out his arms. She swayed, fell into them, felt his lips pressed against her own for one brief moment before he lifted her down into the waiting arms of the firemen.

She was not afraid at all either to go herself or to leave him behind. There was nothing now to fear.

. . . . . .

They had supper together. Not at the Plaza, as he had said they should, but in her bedroom, as she had intended. The local reporters, the captain of the fire brigade and the Chief Constable played chaperon and shared the chicken sandwiches and lager with them. All were pretty black and dusty, and not a little scorched, but happy.

It was the first big blaze Parktown had known for twenty years. And, although there was not much left of the theatre, there had been no casualties. The Parktown Brigade had done a good job of work, and the Chief Constable had played his part in it, too, and the Press had indicated its intention of chronicling the fact.

So Summers, of the brigade, was grinning contentedly at Major Cartwright, and Cartwright was grinning at the three reporters. And they were grinning at Jimmy Jellett and Maroni, who had provided them not merely with a sensational local thrill, but with a romance which every daily in Fleet Street would have to run with double-column headlines.

Not only had Jellett admitted the engagement, but he had told them the date of the wedding. And not only that, but he had disclosed what the wedding present of the bridegroom to the bride was to be.

"A new theatre, boys, on the site of the old hulk. The Estelle Maroni. For Repertory, not pictures. It's time something was done for art in Parktown, especially when Parktown has produced a great actress at last."

He smiled across at her. Did the smile hide the faintest suspicion of a wink?

"He's got the name wrong," corrected Stella. "It's not to be called what he said. It's to be the Star."

"The Parktown Star," added Jimmy. "May its light never be dimmed."

They raised their glasses.

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Precious Charm

To guard your feminine charm, use only a long-lasting perspiration check—one that will not wash off in the bath, that will not fail you in hot weather, during nervous excitement or exercise.

Liquid Odorono is a doctor's prescription. It safely and surely checks underarm perspiration. It is not *quicker* to use, but it is *surer*. It comes in two strengths: Regular and Instant.

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1/-, 2/- and 3/6

The Case of MARCIA B—

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figsen is *NOT* a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and *naturally* — without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets .. 1/3

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For FACE & HANDS you need Larola Complexion Milk

Larola cleanses, cools, beautifies and restores natural skin beauty. Soothing for sunburn — invaluable in the nursery. Larola has been in daily use for over 80 years.

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Roosevelt . . . his election brings victory closer

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, re-elected President of United States of America. His success brings victory closer, may well decide the fate of the whole world. His slogan, "All possible help to England," is rapidly being translated into more warplanes, more ships, more tanks, more munitions. This striking study shows him 1200 miles at sea, as commander-in-chief of U.S. Navy, whose power means much to the nations bordering the Pacific.

GRANDFATHER ROOSEVELT at a White House Christmas party, holding Franklin III (left), John Boettiger, jun., his daughter's son.

WASHINGTON CHURCH PARADE. Mr. Roosevelt with his wife (left), who is a notable figure in her own right, and his mother, Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt.

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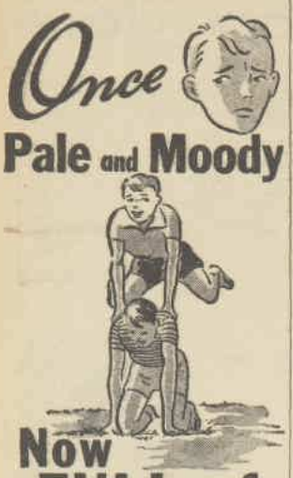


Now FULL of HEALTH

There was nothing seriously wrong with John. The doctor said that his lack of energy was simply due to constipation. "The best laxative is California Syrup of Figs," he added, "because it's made specially for children. It's gentle, pleasant tasting, smooth and thorough." Now Mum gives it to John regularly and the difference in him is amazing. Califig has helped make him a new youngster.

CALIFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
'California Syrup of Figs'

You Can't Forget Me

Continued from Page 3

WITH the first light he got up and quietly dressed and went out to wash in the pump-house. The sky above the mountains was still red; in the dim light his orange trees looked strangely solid, their contours deeply carved with shadow. Carter stood and considered them, one half of his mind automatically planning the day's work, the other alert for and attuned to something less familiar. When the girl came out on the porch he knew she was there even before she spoke.

"You're up early," she said. "Couldn't you sleep either?"

For some reason he denied, by implication, his wakefulness. "This is my usual time. But I'm sorry if you were uncomfortable."

"I wasn't. I never sleep much. I hate sleeping. It's such waste of time."

She came down the porch steps, and crossed to the pump-house, and swung herself up on the sand-box rim. Her glance flickered over the grove, found no interest there, and came back to Andrew.

"I don't know your name," she said. "What is it?"

He told her.

"Mine's Pax Blake. And you won't forget it!"

"I've a good memory," said Carter.

"I didn't mean that. I meant that it's going to be famous. Soon. Do you know what Pax means?"

Because she so obviously wanted to tell him, he let her.

"It's the Latin for peace. My father was very religious. I hated the name when I was at school, but now I'm glad. Don't you think it's distinctive?"

"Very," agreed Carter. "Distinctive but unsuitable."

"Why?"

"Because you're about the most unpeaceful person I've ever met."

"Oh!" She shrugged. "If it looks well on a poster that's all I care. I don't want peace, I want plenty. I suppose you'd call this place peaceful but I should go crazy in it." She looked at the grove again, this time giving it her full attention. "How long," she asked, "have you been here?"

"Nearly eight years."

Her eyes widened.

"For heaven's sake! Can't you get away?"

"I don't want to."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"You mean you came here when you were twenty-one and you've stayed here ever since?"

"That's right."

"But what do you do all the time?"

"Grow oranges."

She shrugged again.

"I can see that. But what do you do?"

"Water. Prune. Pick. Then next year water and prune and pick over again. And there's gleaning. And keeping a look-out for frost. Having the lamps ready, and setting them among the trees, and then collecting and filling them and setting them out again. Spraying. Watching, all the time . . ." He stopped; he could have told her much more, but she was so plainly uninterested. Or rather, she was interested in only one thing.

"What do you get out of it all?"

"This year I got about twenty-two hundred boxes. That means roughly fifteen hundred dollars profit. That mayn't seem much to you . . ."

It obviously did not. She was barely listening, she could not wait for him to finish. Her impatience amounted to moral indignation.

"Heavens above!" she cried. "Haven't you any ambition?"

"No," said Andrew Carter. He looked at her; and again antagonism flashed between them. "Do you find it a good diet?"

Her chin lifted.

"If you mean I'm eaten up with it, you're right. Of course I'm ambitious as the devil. And nothing can stop me."

"Not even—Hollywood?"

"Hollywood hasn't stopped me. It set me back a piece, but I was clever enough to get out. I flopped in Hollywood, and it hurt, but when I go back they'll hang out the flags. I've found out the Hollywood technique; don't try to make a name there, make it somewhere else, and wait for them to come crawling. That's what I'm going to do. That's why I'm going to San Francisco to start again.

"I can get a job at a night club, singing, and then I'm going to put on my Ruth Draper act, and then go to New York in revue——" She broke off; one part of her mind had evidently been working while she talked. "Didn't you say your name was Carter? There's a Carter Academy of Dance in San Francisco. It's good."

"My aunt runs it."

"Oh! Will you give me an introduction to her?"

"No," said Carter.

"Why not? She might take me at reduced rates. I'm good, but I need practice. And she'll know people. Why won't you?"

"Because I never interfere with her, and she at long last has learned not to interfere with me."

"Then I think you're crazy. If I were you I'd be out of this dump and on my way to town in two shakes!"

"And leave all standing?"

"Why not? Trees won't run away. And you might sell it." She slid off the sand-box rim, standing close and eager. Her eyes danced, her hand fluttered up and—this time deliberately — pulled at his sleeve. "Come along with us now—just for a visit! You can be back to-morrow if you want!"

"You want that introduction badly," said Carter.

She dropped her hand, but not her eyes.

"It isn't just that! I . . . I like you. And you like me, underneath. You know that's true!"

Carter nodded.

"It's true," he said. "We like each other quite a lot—underneath. But I'm not coming, and I'm not going to give you an introduction. And now I've got to work." He turned and went into the pump-house. On the threshold he paused.

"You'll be starting early," he stated. "If you want breakfast you must fix it yourselves."

Then he went into the pump-house and closed the door.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Carter regarded her nephew with a mixture of approval and annoyance.

"You're still very good-looking, Andrew—much too good-looking to be buried on that grove. How long is it since I've seen you?"

"Three years," said Carter—and a moment later could have kicked himself for his stupidity. Three years ago he had not seen his aunt, he had merely spoken of her, to a girl by his pump-house, very early in the morning . . .

"Four," corrected Mrs. Carter — annoyance uppermost. "I've been asking you to visit me ever since. You've neither memory nor manners. I suppose you wouldn't be here to-night if you hadn't had business in San Francisco."

This was perfectly true. There were six sample boxes of oranges to be shipped for the London market; Andrew had driven in to put them on board himself. Dinner with his aunt seemed a sensible way of filling the evening.

Please turn to page 16

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1.—The spotlight beats fiercely upon historic Greece—ancient cradle of culture and birthplace of Alexander the Great, who conquered the known world. But approximately when?
Three centuries B.C. — Five centuries B.C. — Two centuries B.C. — Four centuries B.C.

2.—A very tasty dish, kedgeree! Its chief ingredients are—
Lamb's fry and bacon — curry powder and stewing-steak — fish and rice — mince steak and onions.

3.—The jamb of a door? Yes, of course, it's
The handle, lock and key — a wedge inserted under it — the side-post — the hinge.

4.—Can you enumerate the remaining members of Australia's new War Cabinet, being given the following three?
Hughes — McEwen — Fadden.

5.—Talking of matters political, the Prime Minister of Britain at the outbreak of the Great War was
A. Bonar Law — H. H. Asquith — D. Lloyd George — A. J. Balfour.

6.—At a wedding, the relatives and friends of the bridegroom sit on the
Right of the aisle — left of the aisle.

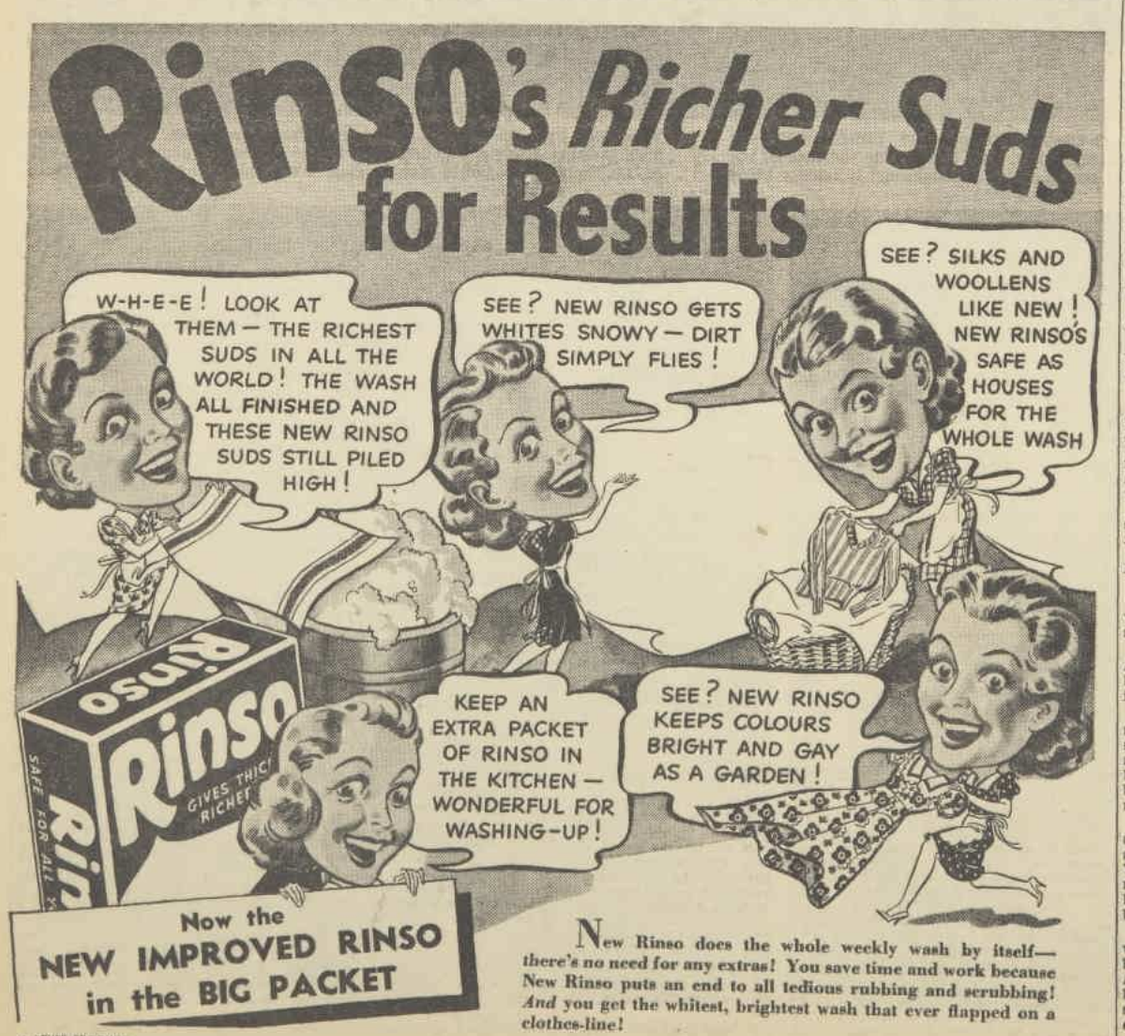
7.—In which of these services may the Victoria Cross be won?
The Army — the Navy — the Air Force.

8.—It's a long way to Tipperary—and if you do happen to be going there, don't forget that Tipperary is in
Northern Ireland — Eire.

9.—None of these is big, but the smallest of the three is the
Electron — atom — molecule.

10.—An easy one to finish with. Author of that famous erstwhile best-seller, "The Sheik," is
Ethel M. Dell—Ruby M. Ayres—E. M. Hull — Baroness Orczy—A.S.M. Hutchinson.

Answers on page 16



Now the NEW IMPROVED RINSO in the BIG PACKET

New Rinso does the whole weekly wash by itself—*there's no need for any extras!* You save time and work because New Rinso puts an end to all tedious rubbing and scrubbing! *And* you get the whitest, brightest wash that ever flapped on a clothes-line!

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DON'T ASK QUESTIONS

Final instalment of our serial story

A woman's wits challenge men's ingenuity as the battle for Chica is fought to a brilliant finish.

Illustrated by WEP

The three conspirators sat in dumb-founded silence, staring at Winnie.

By J. P. MARQUAND

RESISTANCE was impossible—for the time being, at any rate. Handcuffed and helpless, Winifred and Leonard settled back in the car as Mr. Awara, after a short silence, began to speak.

"I should like you to know," said Mr. Awara, "that many aspects of this problem have been embarrassing for me. I prefer, on the whole, to work by myself, and here I have been under orders to put myself at the disposal of Mr. Wagner. These diplomatic shifts are sometimes most trying, particularly when the relation of my nation to the Axis is still not completely defined.

"I was directed to be under the orders of this German operative, and at the same time I have been directed to use my own discretion. Perhaps you can see, Doctor Birch, that this makes for difficulty. It has made me very nervous."

"I can see," Leonard agreed, "how it might be puzzling, but I haven't noticed you've been nervous."

"Frankly, between ourselves," said Mr. Awara, "and speaking very modestly, I sometimes feel that I am better equipped than Mr. Wagner to handle this present problem. I have been a very long time in the service in very many countries. Mr. Wagner has, of course, the larger reputation, but just between ourselves"—Mr. Awara drew in his breath—"you do not know how much good it does me to speak frankly to a gentleman like you, whose intelligence I can respect, Doctor Birch."

"Go ahead," said Leonard. "I won't tell anything."

"No," said Mr. Awara. "I do not think you will. Just between us both, I think that Mr. Wagner in many little ways is impatient, domineering and, what is worse, in some ways even stupid. I have been obliged to allow my own views to clash with Mr. Wagner's on several occasions.

"Engineering a coup d'etat, it is so necessary to be patient and one's wits must always be alert—free from passion, free from anger—like yours, Doctor Birch. May I compliment you? You will be a great loss, for you might have been very useful to your country. That matter of the champagne—the two open bottles. I have been thinking it over. The tablets must have been in your spectacle case."

Mr. Awara paused inquiringly.

"YES," said Leonard, "they were. But how has Mr. Wagner been stupid?"

Mr. Awara laughed, almost playfully.

"So you are drawing me out, Doctor Birch?" he said. "Nevertheless, I shall tell you. It always seemed to me stupid of Mr. Wagner that he should try to eliminate you, Doctor Birch. But he became obsessed with the idea that your recognition of him, added to your obvious acquaintance with Tweedsbury, could become a menace to our plans—our justifiable expansion.

"He eliminated Tweedsbury, feeling that the naive ideology of democratic government might bind you two together. Tweedsbury alone hardly assumed the stature of a problem. But Mr. Wagner is clumsy—slow. From some observations of Miss Bailey's we had reason to think that Tweedsbury passed on information to you—information not to be trusted to an amateur.

"Citizens of democracies have strange, impenetrable impulses. Mr. Tweedsbury was ill-advised in his confidences, Mr. Wagner was originally ill-advised in his suspicions, and I should be ill-advised in my revelations, did I not feel that a certain courtesy is due those who are not permitted by circumstances to remain with us. I am sorry Mr. Wagner was unable to preserve you for your scientific knowledge, which would have been invaluable to us in Chica. If he had left you strictly alone, as I suggested, there should have been no trouble. You would still be on the Erikonig checking up your boxes. But this is not his only misstep."

"Well," said Leonard, "what's his other misstep?"

"He is in love with one of his employees. He has allowed himself to conceive a passion for Miss Bailey. He has allowed himself to have Miss Bailey's lover, that poor photographer, punished. It seems incredible for one who is working with a serious purpose. You cannot guess how far his infatuation has taken him. It must, I think, be the European mind."

"How far has it taken him?" Leonard asked.

Mr. Awara's voice was still soft, but it had an ironical ring to it. "He actually took Miss Bailey—having eliminated her lover—from La Guayra on the plane here to Santa Rosa, where she can do no possible good. He is allowing personalities to interfere with his profession. But I am afraid I am boring you, Doctor Birch."

"No," said Leonard, "you're not boring me."

"Thank you," said Mr. Awara, "so very much. You may see that it has all been very annoying. Miss Bailey has nothing to do with setting up a pro-Axis government here. Nothing to do with the concessions which I am ordered to get for my nation. No, I am not pleased with Mr. Wagner."

"You mean that Mr. Wagner killed the photographer?" Winnie asked.

"Let us not put it that way," Mr. Awara said. "Let us say the photographer will make no further trouble—and what has this to do with landing fields, suitable port facilities, and arrangements for a large number of my countrymen to colonise?"

"Nothing," said Leonard. He leaned forward towards Mr. Awara, but Mr. Awara had been watching.

"Lean back, please, Doctor Birch," Mr. Awara said. "It will not help you to try to reach for me. Lean back and I shall tell you another piece of Mr. Wagner's stupidity."

"All right," said Leonard. "Go ahead."

"He actually thought," said Mr. Awara, "that it was not worth while considering that you, Doctor Birch, might actually land in Chica."

"Well," said Leonard, "he made arrangements so I wouldn't."

"And yet," said Mr. Awara, "he was so careless as not to take precautions in case you did. It has been necessary for me to take all the steps and even to insist that we take the plane from La Guayra. You see, I have a respect for you, Doctor Birch."

"All right," said Leonard. "I think you a very unpleasant fellow, but I have a respect for you."

"So sorry," said Mr. Awara. "I do not mean to be unpleasant. I recalled that you had taken my pistol, Doctor Birch—such a sensible thing to do—and after what you had done to me, I suspected that Mr. Javres also might fall into difficulty. You shot him, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Leonard. "How did you know where to find us?"

"In my place," said Mr. Awara, "you would have reasoned as I did. You would not have landed at Santa Rosa. There was only one other place along the coast. At Sebastian there was only a single motor car. If Mr. Javres had not stopped you, you would go for the only car in the village, of course. It was only necessary to wait behind it. So here we are."

"That's true," said Leonard. "Here we are."

He glanced out the window of the car. They were moving rapidly through the dark. The headlights of the car would pick out the lines of a hedge, a house, and then these would disappear.

"I might say," said Mr. Awara, "although you may have thought of it, that every window in this car is closed. When we reach Santa Rosa, as we will in a few minutes, it will do no good to cry out."

"All right," said Leonard. "Thanks for telling me. I know when I'm in fast company. So you and Mr. Wagner are going to run your revolution, as Mr. Javres indicated."

"Yes," said Mr. Awara, "that is it. It has not been done so badly. It would appear that General Prisca knows nothing. We control the telephone and telegraph and a considerable portion of the army. Matters should be consolidated in a few hours."

Leonard looked out the window and then at Winnie, who was sitting, motionless and pale, beside him. It was time to ask an obvious question, and he had been reluctant to ask it.

"Would you mind telling me where you are taking us?" he asked.

"To the house in Santa Rosa," Mr. Awara answered, "where Mr. Wagner is staying. He will naturally want to see you."

"And what are you going to do with us?" Leonard asked.

Mr. Awara paused and drew in his breath.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Awara, "that there is only one answer. I am sorry that a lady is here. I have given much thought to find another answer, but I am sure that Doctor Birch will understand."

"Can't you leave her out of it?" Leonard asked.

"I am so sorry," Mr. Awara said. "There is no other way."

Then Winnie spoke. She spoke before he could stop her. She spoke in hardly more than a whisper, but her words were perfectly distinct: "You don't mean you really——"

"Never mind it, Winnie," Leonard said.

Mr. Awara drew in his breath again.

"Ladies are very often braver than men," he said. "Perhaps it is better to deal with this quite frankly. In a way, I am ashamed, but I am sure Doctor Birch will appreciate that there must be as little talk as possible after this is over, and when people know so much there is only a single answer. If you had reached General Prisca, Mr. Wagner and I would be in the same predicament. We cannot afford to have talk after this is over."

Mr. Awara paused, and Leonard tried to speak, but he could find nothing to say. He was searching for some argument, but for the moment he could not find one.

"Believe me," Mr. Awara said, "as a man this greatly embarrasses me. As a man I do not like the idea of giving you to Mr. Wagner. He will ask you questions first and make you answer them."

Leonard reached for Winnie's hand and gripped it tight. "Then why do you?" he asked. "Let's talk sense, Awara."

"I am under orders," he said, "to work with Mr. Wagner."

Leonard's voice was distinct, but it sounded far away, as if someone else were speaking.

"You say you don't want any talk. You can't murder two people and get away with it. I'm pretty well known here, Awara. I'm expected to come here by the sanitary commission."

There was a silence. Very carefully Mr. Awara was lighting another cigarette. "Persons better known than you," said Mr. Awara, "have disappeared many, many times. There can be no real trace of you since you left the boat without any baggage."

"They saw us land at Sebastian," Leonard said.

"A few ignorant peasants," said Mr. Awara, "the crew of your boat. That will be attended to. There will be strict martial law. Many people leave ships and disappear. There is talk, but there is no way to find them. Believe me, I am familiar with the field, Doctor Birch."

Leonard still held Winnie's hand.

"It's all right, Leonard," she whispered, "as long as you hold my hand."

Please turn to page 34

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An Editorial

NOVEMBER 16, 1940

AWAY WITH THIS SNOBBERY

A CABLE report on Britain's women's army states that: "Every officer in future will have to prove that she understands her work and can set a good example to the girls under her command."

Many society debutantes, who got commissions early in the war because they were "the right people," are to be asked to resign.

England cannot afford to have her women's war effort slowed down by titled incompetents taking important jobs on their names instead of on their ability.

Such harmful snobbery is as much a Fifth Column trick as spiking the guns. The effect is the same; it sabotages our war efficiency.

Happily these snobs who seek to play the game of war with all the social trimmings do not represent the real British aristocracy.

Sensible members of Britain's first families are disgusted with them.

A case in point was the sharp rebuke of the Marquis of Queensberry to his sister-in-law, Lady Cecil Douglas.

Safe in Canada, she complained that titled people evacuated to the Dominion were treated "the same as Mrs. Smith of Suburbia." The Marquis apologised publicly for her bad taste and vulgarity.

When one contrasts this bad form with the courage of the women of London's East End it appears that a certain section of English society has something magnificent to live up to in the courage of the "lower orders."

Nor should we be complacent about the position here.

If there is snobbish favoritism in filling administrative positions in our own women's corps it should be rooted out without apology and without regret.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

A.I.F. RAAF RAN

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A radio operator in the Navy to his mother in W.A.:

"WE have been doing good service here and we get our share of excitement.

"I have only been on shore for four hours during the last nine days, but before that we were entertained by some big nobs. At one place our host was a former Ambassador to England.

"The sprig of Geraldton wax you enclosed made me feel homesick. I bet it looks swell all out in bloom.

"We had a narrow squeak the other day in an air raid. A bomb dropped right on the wharf by the ship, and there were pieces of wharf and bomb all over the ship.

"One piece broke our aerial, and another chap and I had the job of fixing it.

"While we were doing that they came again, but the shore batteries opened fire and drove them off.

"We are standing by to go out to sea again, and if we do this letter won't get posted just yet.

"Later: We went to sea all right. I guess you have heard about it on the radio. When we met the Italians it was some scrap while it lasted.

"They certainly tried their best to get us with bombs, but, thank God, there wasn't a single chap or a ship hit."

✣ ✣ ✣

Private W. J. Thompson in Egypt to his sister, Mrs. E. Slack, Bonville, North Coast, N.S.W.:

"IF you could see me now you would say with us, 'It's a great war!'

"I am established in a first-class hotel in Cairo where 80 of us were sent as a goodwill party.

"I am one of the lucky two chosen from our company.

"The orders read thus: 'The company commanders will select men of excellent character who can be trusted to conduct themselves in such a manner as to be a credit to the A.I.F. and to Australia.' So here we are!

"When the chaps heard I was coming on this trip dozens of them offered to lend me money. Of course, I had all I needed, but it proves the wonderful spirit of comradeship in the army."

✣ ✣ ✣

Private A. E. Smith in England to his mother, Mrs. J. E. Smith, at Karara, via Warwick, Qld.:

"HAD a good time in London on 36 hours' leave. The Strand Theatre organises trips for the Aussies, and they took 15 of us on a visit to the largest brewery in London. We were given a few free beers.

"In the afternoon Lady Sutherland put her car and driver at our disposal, and we were taken on a tour of Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park (which is five miles around), and Scotland Yard."

Winnie the War Winner

"I refuse to belong to that Column—it's the fifth."

A naval officer to his wife in Brisbane:

"IT is just 11 months since we said good-bye to Australia. In all that time we have only once been inside the homes of Britishers.

"That was last week-end. We arrived at a port many thousands of miles from Australia, and as three of us were strolling along the street a very attractive girl in a car invited us to hop in and see the town with her.

"Our guide wouldn't come to lunch with us, but insisted we go home to her place.

"We were greeted by her parents, who gave us a huge meal. It was just like home. Everything tasted so different from ship's meals.

"After lunch we continued our tour with our attractive guide, and before she took us back to the ship her mother packed us a hamper of biscuits, cakes, and sweets."

✣ ✣ ✣

Sergeant E. Daly in England to his wife at Lord Street, Richmond, Vic.:

"IT'S amazing how one can get a laugh anywhere here. The morale of the people is simply astounding. No wonder the 'curse' of civilisation cannot put the breeze up the English race.

"Jerry was unloading some of his eggs the other day, and was so close that we just had time to scramble into a trench when he let go five bombs. We were lying on a four-inch water-main.

"One Tommy soldier with us said, 'Blime, we're going to cop the lot!' and another chimed in: 'It's to be 'oped they don't lob 'ere. If this pipe bursts we'll all get wet.'"

Lieutenant J. W. Bryant in Darwin to his five children in Hawthorn, Vic.:

"DEAR Kids,—There are a lot of big green frogs here, and they climb up on the wash-basins and up the walls in the shower-room. It is very funny to go into the shower-room at night and see them sitting on the basins blinking their big eyes.

"These frogs have a sort of suction-pad on their fingers or toes (whichever you like), and this helps them to grip anything they wish to climb.

"I believe in the wet season the place is fairly alive with them. I think they are a kind of tree frog and are as large as my hand.

"Hope you are all behaving yourselves and not giving your mother too much trouble."

✣ ✣ ✣

Private McDonald in England to a friend in Adelaide:

"I WISH you could see the searchlights some nights. They make a beautiful sight and keep stray Nazi planes well up. One light not far from us, and the best I have so far seen, is 30,000 candle-power, and penetrates fully six miles.

"We attend church every Sunday now. Our minister is a marvellous speaker. We have to carry rifles and ammunition to church.

"It seems rather queer to have a rifle in one hand and a hymn-book in the other."

✣ ✣ ✣

A soldier in Palestine to his mother, Mrs. R. F. Tacon, The Rectory, Bondi Junction, N.S.W.:

"I WAS much attracted by the fishing-boats on the Mediterranean coast, and the fine nets used by the fishermen, which reminded me vividly of the parable of the draught.

"My Arab guide, counsellor and friend, as he determined to be, took me to his house to partake of coffee. First the glass of orange juice to cleanse the mouth in order to appreciate the flavor fully, then the thick Arab coffee.

"After much passing of compliments I was asked to inspect his business, that of manufacturing cooking oil from sim sim, which I think is sesame seed imported from Egypt.

"Evidently most lucrative, as he is greatly respected by his fellows.

"Afterwards I was invited to his friend's house. More orange juice, coffee, and talk, then a meal.

"What a repast! Fresh fish, fried potatoes, eggs, all cooked in oil, native bread flavored with cinnamon, small cucumbers raw; sour milk and water to drink, sweet olives, gherkins, native cheese (very salty), loquats, oranges, bananas. Then more orange juice, coffee, milk, and cigarettes, and so adieus."

✣ ✣ ✣

A South Australian soldier at sea to a friend at Murray Bridge, S.A.:

"TO-DAY we had a touching little ceremony, when an Australian warship left our convoy. All the troops aboard the transports lined up and she sailed down between the ships.

"The boys gave three cheers and her band played 'Gundagal,' and 'Oh, Johnny,' and she dipped her flags.

"A few of the chaps broke down a bit. She was our last link with home."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY .... *By WEP*

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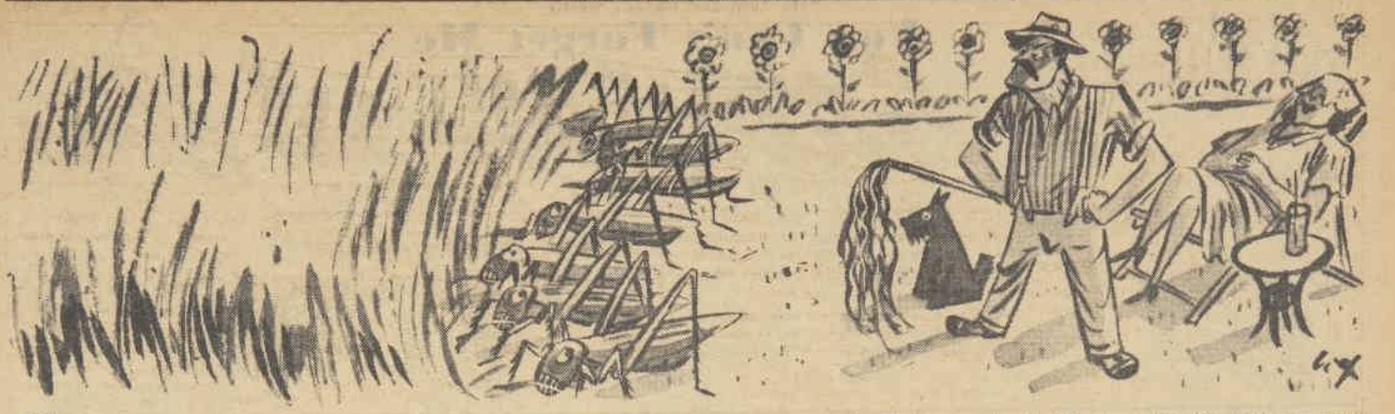

L. W. Lower stands idly by while his team of tame grasshoppers mows his front lawn.

GRASSHOPPERS . . . and their use in industry

How to solve a domestic problem with firmness and fortitude

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Ever been to Palestine? No! Well, take my tip and don't go. Not for a holiday, anyhow!

A soldier writing to his mother in Ballarat, Victoria, said: "The grasshoppers have scarlet wings, and the other day we caught a chameleon. When we found one among the grass it was pale green with black spots, but when it walked on the ground it turned brown to match the ground."

MARK you, I don't disbelieve this soldier. I know there are chameleons that change color to suit their surroundings. Remember the one that wandered on to a McGregor tartan and had a terrific paroxysm and died? He couldn't take it.

I was just wondering if you put one of these chameleons on a sheet of glass would he become transparent, and if you put him on a mirror—No. Forget it.

I am inclined to burble a bit when I get on to these problems. But I know quite a lot about lizards!

Lizard Lower they used to call me in the old days. On the stage I was known as "Lower, the Lizard Wizard."

You've got to be brought up with them to understand them.

As a child I was never without a lizard. I also had white mice. I don't know whether you've ever had lizards, but they are much less troublesome than white mice.

If I were writing this in my cosy little office instead of on the counter at Hamburger Joe's, I could call for a boy and instruct him to bring me the volume of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" dealing with lizards.

If I ask Hamburger Joe what he knows about lizards he'll probably take it as a slur on his hamburgers.

Thus I am left to my own resources. And as anyone will tell you, when I am left to my own resources something always happens.

Tractable and tame

ONCE, out Byrock way, I caught a gorilla. It was about five feet long.

Not a gorilla—hang it! an iguana. Common people call it a goanna.

The fat that you get from the carcase is supposed to be very good for rheumatism. This must be so because I have never yet seen a goanna suffering with rheumatism.

I seem to have run out of lizardry, having no authentic data at hand, but I am rather good on snakes.

Snakes are really lizards only they don't have legs.

Anyway, I've often thought that legs are a bit superfluous. They always seem to lead you into the wrong places.

I get the most intelligent notions about going home straight away and all that, but my legs seem to walk off as if they didn't care a scrap.

I've looked down at them and said, "Legs! Where do you think you're going?"

But they just keep going. It's hard to explain that sort of thing. Fate, that's what it is!

William Morris Hughes once called me "a snake in the grass," and I went home and complained about it, and my wife said, "So you are!" When two important people agree like that I give in. I am a snake.

The strange thing about a snake is that it can swallow a live rabbit whole and then go into recess for a couple of months until the digestive juices have completely cured the rabbit of carrying on its career as a rabbit.

But what has this to do with grasshoppers?

Ah, I know. I wanted to tell you about my trained grasshoppers.

They're the quaintest little beasties out of the Zoo. So gentle, too, if you treat them humanitarianly. (That's not bad, is it?) And amenable to discipline.

I must admit, though, that I had quite a lot of trouble before I could induce my team to cut my front lawn. But I was firm. The judicious application of the cat-o'-nine-tails brought them to heel, and they've been tame ever since.

Now all I do when the grass gets over a foot high is put my grasshopper whistle to my lips, give three lusty blasts, and before I have time to get back from the soft-drink shop the lawn is like a billiard table with the grass harvested and stooked on the path.

That's all for the present. If you want to know anything more about grasshoppers, ring me up any time after midnight, and I'll tell you what I really think of them.

The Modern Mother

takes Beecham's Pills

Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

'Worth a Guinea a Box'

Goodbye to GREYNESS

Banish grey hair in 30 minutes with INECTO. Eighteen shades to match nature's own colours, from deep black to light blonde. Cannot be detected. Will not fade, wash or brush off, soil hats or bed linen. Colours in nature's way, from inside the hair. Consult your hairdresser, or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each bottle. Buy back ten years of you life with

INECTO HAIR COLOURING

You can't better them

Proud is the woman whose linen cupboard is filled with Horrockses, and justly so, for there are no better sheets, pillowcases and towels on the market today.

The splendid quality and durability which made them famous nearly a century and a half ago is still rigidly maintained.

You pay no more by asking for

Horrockses
Sheets Pillowcases & Towels

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

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You Can't Forget Me

Continued from page 12

"IF you'd only given me longer notice," complained his aunt. "I could have had a real party for you: as it is, we shall be only six. But you'll enjoy meeting the guest of honor."

"Who is he?"

"She, my dear. Pax Blake. Don't tell me you've never heard of her!"

"I've heard of her," said Andrew.

"She's having a most enormous success at the Paradise, and of course I take a personal interest. She was one of my pupils."

"At reduced rates?"

Mrs. Carter's eyebrows went up.

"How did you guess? She came with a letter of introduction from a man in Hollywood—and to tell you the truth his name meant absolutely nothing to me. I meet so many people and never remember who they are—but he spoke so highly I took the chance. And she was very good indeed. Of course she doesn't dance now—she's a diseuse, does wonderful character sketches—but she's always been so grateful, we've never lost touch. She sent me those flowers for my party."

His aunt talked on till the appearance of the first two guests—a married couple of obvious wealth—produced cocktails and sherry. A young man of Andrew's age followed, and the talk turned to horse-racing, of which Andrew knew nothing. He drank two cocktails and wondered if there would be wine for dinner. He planned to make an early start back.

"Pax is late," said Mrs. Carter.

"As usual," said the young man. "It's her privilege."

At that moment, as though on cue, Pax Blake arrived.

She did more than arrive, she made an entry, coming quickly into the room and then standing quite still, in an attitude of penitence, before her hostess. The pose lasted only a couple of seconds, but it gave Andrew time to see her very distinctly. She was beautifully gowned. Her eyes, just as she came in, had the old wariness.

"And this," said Mrs. Carter, "is my ungrateful nephew."

Pax Blake put out her hand. Her smile was the merest formality. Either she had not recognised him, or she intended not to.

"As Pax doesn't drink," added their hostess, "we may as well go in."

The dinner-table was lit by candles: they should have been spot-lights, but Miss Blake muted the performance to suit. She held the stage; by her voice and by her appearance. The things she said were not, Andrew thought, particularly witty; the illusion of wit was produced simply by intonation, by lilt and stress. She had the prestige of success. And she used it cleverly, with a disarming childishness: when she mentioned—so casually—the terms of her contract, her eyes widened in surprise at the thought of so much money. It seemed silly, she said, to pay her just for enjoying herself . . .

"Now you see why we all love her," explained the young man, turning to Andrew. "She's simply Alice in Wonderland."

ANDREW thought the young man himself looked very like the White Rabbit, but made no comment. He was merely waiting till dinner ended, so that he could get away. As soon as possible he bade his aunt good-night. He intended to start back, he said, in the cool of the morning, and it was already ten o'clock.

Mrs. Carter lifted her hands in comic despair.

"Next time you come to town, Andrew, take the straws out of your hair first." She turned to her guest, half apologetically, half pleased at having produced so curious a specimen. "I won't try to persuade him; my nephew is the original wild man of the woods."

"And I," said Pax Blake, "will be a Good Samaritan and drive him back to his hotel."

At that there were protests enough, but Miss Blake overruled them all. They let her go. Andrew followed obediently through the lobby, and out into the street, where a long expensive car stood parked at the kerb.

"That is my car," said Pax Blake. "I'll drive."

Carter gave her the name of his hotel, but, his knowledge of the town being slight, could not tell whether they took the most direct route to it. He suspected that they did not.

"I didn't recognise you in there," said Miss Blake abruptly, "because—well, because you don't belong here, and I like to keep things separate. But I've a good memory, too."

"Unlike my aunt," said Andrew. "Your letter of introduction fooled her completely. But I didn't know you went in for forgery."

"It wasn't a forgery. You can't forge the name of a person who doesn't exist. I simply used some paper I'd brought from Hollywood, and took a chance."

"Now, that is like my aunt," said Andrew. "She took a chance, too. And see how she's been rewarded! You keep in touch with her, you send her flowers——"

Against his arm he felt Miss Blake's shoulder move in the old gesture of impatience.

"I didn't bring you driving to talk about your aunt."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"Myself, of course. Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"Congratulations," said Andrew.

She turned and looked at him.

"You don't sound as if you meant it."

"I wish you'd keep your eyes on the road."

"All right. But aren't you pleased to see me so successful?"

"It depends on where you're going."

"Then I'll tell yu." Her voice lilted in triumph. "I'm going back to Hollywood! I've had three tests, and I make my first picture in two months! It's all happened just as I said it would: I made a hit here and they came right after me. I've been three years on the way, but I've got there!"

"Was the way agreeable?"

"What on earth does that matter? It was tough at first, but it's grand now. I'm the most popular turn the Paradise has ever had. If you come and see me to-night——"

"I'm making an early start. Besides, I saw your act at dinner."

For a moment she looked angry. Then she laughed.

"That was only one of 'em. I do two more at the Paradise. And I ought to think up something new for the Gala next week . . ."

"Does that matter," asked Andrew, "when you're going so soon?"

"Of course it matters." She slowed the car almost to a standstill and turned to him. "Give me an idea, Andrew!"

"My ideas aren't any use to you."

"I almost got one to-night, but it isn't worked out. I thought I might do a kid actress talking to a director. Fighting to make an impression, trying different lines, being interrupted all the while by secretaries and phone calls. Don't you think that's good?"

Please turn to page 18

Famous Painter Portrays Australian Loveliness

IMAGINE! I'm to have my portrait painted! It happened at the Garden Party. Uncle Robert said to Daddy: "If I had a daughter with a complexion like Laura's, I'd have it painted for posterity." And Uncle has hardly ever been known to pay a compliment to *anybody*.

IT'S TOO THRILLING. Who do you think is doing my portrait? None other than Sir John. I was just a little afraid I'd be self-conscious before such an august personage—he paints quite *all* of England's *loveliest* women. But he's really a dear.

AFTER THE VERY FIRST SITTING he asked me, quite seriously: "What is the secret of this perfect Australian complexion of yours?" "The same as the secret of the English complexion," I told him; "the Yardley complexion care!"

Generations of England's fairest women, celebrated for that unique loveliness "the English complexion", have followed the Yardley regimen of beauty. Lavender perfume, 3/- to 21/-. Soap 1/6. Face Powder 2/6 and 3/9. Also Creams, Cream Rouge, Lipstick and other preparations, at leading chemists and fine stores. Prices plus sales tax.

YARDLEY *LAVENDER*

YARDLEY & COMPANY (PTY.) LIMITED, SYDNEY—And at 33 Old Bond Street, LONDON—NEW YORK—PARIS—TORONTO

The answer is—

1—Three centuries B.C.
2—Fish and rice.
3—The side-post.
4—Menzies, Spender, Foll.
5—H. H. Asquith.
6—Right of the aisle.
7—In all of them.
8—Eire.
9—Electron.
10—E. M. Hull.

Questions on page 12

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4714711

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Tom proposed to me last night!"
"Doesn't he do it beautifully?"

HE who laughs LASTS

PATIENT: You certainly kept your promise when you said you would have me walking again in a month.

DOCTOR: Well, that's fine.
PATIENT: Yes, I had to sell my car to pay your bill.

"Children, can you tell me of a greater power than the King?"
"Yes, Miss, the ace!"

"I say—have you seen anything of a young lady, rather short, with a red feather in her hat?"

Keep alert all day long with healthful delicious Wrigley's Chewing Gum

When your work is tiresome, it is time to chew delicious WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM. It refreshes you, helps you to concentrate and soothes frayed nerves. WRIGLEY'S also gives your gums and teeth the exercise they lack because of modern, soft foods.

Chew healthful WRIGLEY'S regularly after every meal. Notice how your facial muscles become strengthened, and your face and chin tend to retain their natural contour. Three delicious flavours — P.K. (real peppermint), Spearmint (garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different).

Never be without a supply of WRIGLEY'S in the house. Keep an extra supply for the children. They love it. Buy some to-day. Every package of WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM is as big in benefits as it is small in cost. Take your change in Wrigley'

WRIGLEY'S

Three Delicious Flavours for Your Choice. An Australian Product. On Sale Everywhere.

AU21

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"WHAT with bridge and golf, I don't see my wife more than an hour a week."

"That's not so bad. An hour soon passes."

"WHERE'S Hector?"

"In hospital."

"What, flu?"

"Yes—and crashed."

DENTIST: Will you have gas, sir? Patient: Certainly not! I'm a director of an electric light company!

"DAD," said Tommy, "a boy at school to-day told me I was very like you."

"Oh," said his father, with a smile, "and what did you say?"

"Nothing," came the reply. "He's a lot bigger than me."

FORTUNE TELLER: Do you want to know something about your future husband, Madam?

Client: No. I want to know something about the past of my present husband for my future use.

"SO your neighbor is a chronic borrower?"

"Yes. Why, we feel more at home in his house than in our own."

A VERY small man was working very hard in his suburban garden when a friend dropped in.

"Hullo, old man!" he exclaimed. "Digging for victory, I suppose?"

The gardener took a cautious glance towards the house. "No," he whispered, "digging for peace."

TIRED, ACHING FEET

Are Quickly Relieved By

Zam-Buk

IF these long Summer days take it out of your feet, if they soon ache, tire, and swell, then here's an easy treatment which will soon soothe and heal your feet and enable you to get about in ease and comfort.

First bathe your feet in warm water at bedtime. After drying them thoroughly, massage Zambuk Ointment well into the soles, ankles, insteps, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; blisters and soreness are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened. Use Zam-Buk regularly and your feet will never let you down.

1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.

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You Can't Forget Me

Continued from page 16

"EXCELLENT," said Andrew. "I can see the kid now. Would it heighten the drama to make her in love at the same time?"

"With whom? The director?"

"No, because he might be helpful. With just an average man who hasn't any ambition and who'd ruin her career."

The car had stopped. Pax Blake sat quite still, her hands on the wheel, her eyes on her hands. Andrew waited.

"No," said Miss Blake. "That's too hackneyed. Love versus fame . . ." She frowned. "I'll start off with her personality talk—you know, trying to sell herself, and then——"

"And then what? How does it end?"

"I don't know."

"It's late," said Andrew. "You'd better drive me to the hotel."

Opposite its portico they said good night. Andrew got out, but at the last moment Miss Blake called him back.

"Andrew!"

"Well?"

"Is it all just the same at the grove?"

"Just the same."

"Then take me down with you tomorrow. I believe it would help my sketch. I'd recapture a feeling——"

"No," said Andrew.

Pax Blake stared.

"You won't let me come?"

"Not yet. Good night, dear," said Andrew.

. . . . . .

The next year was a bad time on the grove. It was not disaster; by working a neighbor's grove as well as his own he earned enough to feed both himself and the new crop; but it was a hard pull. He labored, during this period, thirteen hours a day; his only relaxations were the weekly perusal of two film magazines and a rare visit to the movies at Bakersville.

The next year saw him back where he started, less about twelve pounds in weight. He still took the magazines, but found no time for the movies until the last Saturday in October, when the management had the honor to present, as an additional attraction, the celebrated diseuse and entertainer, Miss Pax Blake, in person.

Carter arrived just as the first picture ended. The curtains closed, quivered, and parted again on a lighted stage. There was a scattered crackle of applause. Pax was there. She wore a dark frock very like the one he had last seen her in, but dramatised by a shoulder-trail of red flowers.

"I will first give you," announced Miss Blake, "a little impression of a Colonial Dame receiving her daughter-in-law from Emporia."

The sketch lasted about five minutes and drew a good deal of laughter. It was followed by an imitation of a New York debutante. After that came the big piece—a triangle drama. Shown through the personalities first of the wife, then of her rival; and then the curtains closed and immediately parted again to allow Miss Blake in person to acknowledge her applause.

Andrew rose and went out. At the stage door there was no car save his own; he sent up his name and waited half an hour, but when Pax Blake came down she had not changed. She was still wearing her stage dress, with the scarf twisted about her shoulders.

"Do you want to go anywhere?" asked Andrew, opening the door.

"Drive me a little way first," said Miss Blake. "Anywhere . . ."

As she settled herself beside him he saw that she had on no make-up at all; for the first time she looked not like a girl, but like a woman.

"You put on a great show," Andrew told her. "They like you a lot."

"Yes," said she. "They like me in Bakersville . . ." What's your news?"

"I've had a bad time."

"Thank heaven," said Pax Blake. Then her hand moved quickly, touching his knee. "I didn't mean I was glad you'd had a bad time. It was just such a relief."

"What was?"

"Hearing you admit it. In the world I've been living in no one would ever dare. We all have to pretend to be successes—so we're all pretending most of the time."

"Why do you say," asked Andrew, "the world you've been living in?"

She laughed.

"We're always asking each other questions, aren't we? Now I'll ask another. Did you see my picture?"

"I saw the first."

"The first and the last. Well, I flopped again, so Hollywood's out. Otherwise, of course, I shouldn't be enthralling Bakersville. But I'm not finished. I'm just back where I was the first time I met you."

"This is only the third."

She nodded. "Three times in five years. Andrew, have you really remembered me—been thinking about me—all this while?"

"Of course. It was easy. But for you to remember me——"

"That was easy, too. At first because you'd been so annoying. Because you wouldn't believe in me. Every time I made a little success I wanted to tell you about it—to say 'I told you so,' and prove you wrong. So I thought about you quite a lot. And I kept in touch with your aunt. And then after we'd met again I thought about you quite differently. Even when things went wrong I still wanted to tell you."

"You could have written."

She shook her head.

"I remembered what you'd said to me: 'Not yet.' But it was queer: I thought about you nearly all the time, till it was like living in the same house with a person one never sees. You ought to have been there but you weren't."

"What about the people you could see?"

"They didn't matter. I—I wanted to be fallen in love with, too, but it never happened. I think because there was a piece of me somehow missing . . ."

"That's a rotten way to live."

"It isn't living at all. Andrew, I haven't really failed——"

"I know that. If you want to go on trying, I'll wait."

There was a long silence.

"I don't want you to wait."

"We may have a tough time for a year or two."

"I don't mind."

"And I still haven't any ambition."

She turned to face him.

"That's where I was so stupid. I thought there was only ambition or—or death. I didn't know about content."

"Pax," said Andrew. "Peace. It's been a long road."

"But I came to you as fast as I could," she said.

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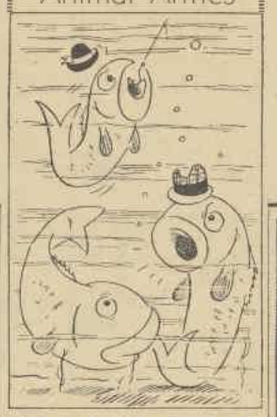
Animal Antics



"Look at that kid! Running off some place just when I wanted to talk to him!"

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Women also Serve

W.A.N.S. marshalling woman power of State

Ten thousand women enlisted within three months is the record established by the Women's Australian National Services.

Country centres rapidly being formed will soon add several more thousands to the number of Wans mobilised for national war emergency.

LADY WAKEHURST, president of the W.A.N.S., spent Melbourne Cup day in Newcastle to be present at the inauguration of a centre.

There are 27 city and suburban training centres and 14 country groups.

The officer in charge of recruiting (Mrs. Linda Littlejohn) has just returned from an aerial survey of southern districts of New South Wales.

Centres have been formed at Wagga, Griffith, Leeton, and Narrandera.

Latest W.A.N.S. activity is training three thousand of its members in fire prevention and fire protection to qualify for the Women's Auxiliary Fire Brigade Corps.

The corps is being established by the Board of Fire Commissioners of New South Wales.

It will be similar to an organisation formed in London just before war began, and which is now earning world-wide applause for its efficiency.

Wans who apply as "fire fighters" must be between the ages of 30 and 45. They would be required to be available at all times in their own suburbs in case of emergency.

Lady Wakehurst officially declared open on November 7 the W.A.N.S. Training Centre, Exhibition Building, Prince Alfred Park.

Two thousand business girls meet almost every evening there. The building has been lent "for the duration" by the City Council.

The girls have their own cafeteria. Tea is followed by physical fitness and platoon drill and A.R.P. lectures.

The chairman of the Australian Man - Power Committee (Sir Carl Jess) recently gave Wans an assurance that they would be the only recognised co - ordinating authority for women required by Navy, Army, Air Force, or "quasi-defence work."

Groups already affiliated include the Girl Guides, Women's Emergency Signallers, Australian Women's Flying Club, National Defence League, C.U.S.A.

The Red Cross, St. John Ambulance, and National Emergency Services work independently.

The organisation is entirely voluntary and carries on all work with the aid of a small Government grant.

There are no fees for training, which includes physical exercises, squad drill, canteen cooking, signalling, rifle shooting, transport, home nursing, A.R.P., first aid.

LADY WAKEHURST inspects a parade of members of the Women's Australian National Services.

Canteen cooking

CANTEEN cooking is one of the many practical courses that has proved its value.

More than 1000 Wans have already trained at the Education Department Domestic Science Schools, the Australian Gas Light Company, and the Electricity Undertaking of the Sydney County Council.

They recently catered for the returned soldiers' officers' school at the Exhibition Building, and under camp conditions cooked for 250 Air Force reservists at Patonga.

They are also in daily and nightly attendance at the Training Centre Cafeteria.

Wans will co-operate in military tactical operations at the request of the R.S.L. Volunteer Defence Corps (Burwood sub-unit) on November 13.

They will have signallers, cyclists and a casualty section in action.

Forms are being distributed by area officers asking for donors of blood to augment the supply for civil and military purposes under the direction of the Board of Health.

Practical work in vegetable growing, poultry farming, and sheep farming is being undertaken by the Land Army section.

The Social Services have also been helped out in recent emergencies caused by the influx of evacuees by Wans trained in that particular section.

W.A.N.S. executives are inspecting several properties near Sydney with the object of having a centre for week-end training in practical courses.

General camps are also held for training officers and N.C.O.'s. During the summer other camps and field days will be arranged for general recruits.

Lady Wakehurst has expressed her satisfaction that the Commonwealth Government has officially recognised the important part the W.A.N.S. are playing in women's war effort.

"The attainment of this objective," said Lady Wakehurst, "will mean that the united strength of our woman power will be available to the Government in emergency."

Social events for good causes

NOVEMBER 12-16.—N.S.W. Tennis Championships, Rushcutters Bay. Lord Mayor's Fund benefits.

November 14. — American Society's card party to aid Red Cross Air Raid Victims' Fund. Australia Hotel. Tickets, Mrs. C. Bouvet; FM5444.

November 14. — Dance, aid Lord Mayor's Fund, Amory, Ashfield.

November 15.—American tea at Mrs. Harold Dew's home to aid University Settlement, 2 p.m.

November 15.—American tea at S.C.E.G.S., North Sydney. Aid Naval War Funds.

November 16.—Garden party for Children's Hospital, at home of Mrs. A. C. Wilkinson, Strathfield.

November 16. — R.A.A.F. trainees' dance. Grace Bros.

November 16.—Lady Wakehurst opens fete, Far West Home, Manly, 11.30 a.m.

November 17. — Opening C.U.S.A. Hut, Wallgrove Camp.

November 19.—Topical Revue for Musical Association Ambulance Fund, Teachers' College.

November 20.—Evening party for C.U.S.A. Navy Unit, Australia Hotel, 8 p.m.

November 22.—Dance, Bellevue Hill branch A.A.M.C., Prince Edward Yacht Club.

November 22.—Christmas fair, N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children. Vere Mathews'.

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How much are they worth? In money, nothing. But they both possess a great treasure for which many a potentate would exchange his fortune. They have healthy, abundant, attractive hair.

There is no greater fortune in the world than youth and no better attribute of youth than the hair.

And, how much did it cost him or her to preserve that gift? Only a few pence, the price of a bottle of Barry's Tri-coph-erous and the few minutes required daily for its pleasant application.

Are you among the prodigal sons of nature who are squandering this inheritance? That is, are you allowing neglect and dandruff to weaken and ruin your hair to the point where you are threatened with baldness?

If so, it is deplorable, but not irreparable.

Barry's Tri-coph-erous will save your hair as it has in millions of other cases during five generations.

A daily application of this unequalled tonic and massage of the scalp is all you need. Start at once. In a short time the improved condition of your hair will show you in a practical way why Barry's Tri-coph-erous is called everywhere Life, Health and Beauty of the hair.

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Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
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Always Tired, Yet Sleepless

Worried and "Not-So-Young"

"I could not sleep and was always tired," states Mrs. L.O.K., of Waichu, N.S.W. "Housework seemed too much for me, and any little upset or confusion would bring on a nervous headache, faint feelings, and dreadful nerve pains in my legs.

"I have now taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and have gained more energy. I am able to sleep and enjoy my meals. The dreadful run-down, tired feeling has vanished and I feel very much brighter."

People who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills genuinely say that for revitalizing the whole system and banishing that terribly tired, depressed feeling, these famous pills are remarkably beneficial. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills rapidly help to create new rich blood, which men strengthens and revitalizes the nerves, organs and tissues of the body throughout, bringing sound sleep, and banishing worry. If you are "not-so-young," tired, nervy, sleepless, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a reasonable trial. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle—the results will gratify you.***

PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

★★ LUCKY PARTNERS

(Week's Best Release)

Ronald Colman, Ginger Rogers. (RKO.)

THE "Lucky Partners" are Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers—surely the most unexpected romantic team in years. The story and dialogue are from Sacha Guitry's witty French farce, "Bonne Chance."

The plot is an innocuous piece of frivolity about a Bohemian artist (Colman) and a girl (Ginger) in romantic Greenwich Village, who share a winning ticket in a sweepstakes. Much to the displeasure of Ginger's very conventional and very jealous fiance (Jack Carson), the lucky pair set off on a platonic jaunt to Niagara Falls on their winnings.

Romance is the keynote, but there's plenty of light comedy both in situations and dialogue.

In the first comedy role he has taken for years Colman is delightful. In fact, he and Ginger make a charming pair, whose adventures, which end in the law courts with an uproarious trial scene, make most enjoyable entertainment. — Regent; showing.

★ NO TIME FOR COMEDY

James Stewart, Rosalind Russell. (Warners.)

I AM becoming very tired of James Stewart's perennial portrayal of the ingenuous country boy in the big city.

He does it very well. But he's always the same.

In this film he has the role of a playwright from a small Western town. With his first play—a comedy—he wins success on Broadway and the hand and heart of the leading lady (Rosalind Russell).

Become famous, Jimmy gets caught in the coils of a romantic and fluttery lady (Genevieve Tobin) who sets out to turn him from comedian to Great Tragedian.

Film begins in a vein of sophisticated humor, hovers uncertainly between comedy and drama, then finally takes the plunge into sweet sentimentality that may drag a few tears from the more impressionable ones.

The story is artificial and insincere, but, as a whole, the film is mildly diverting. Rosalind Russell is appealing in a sophisticated, womanly role. James Stewart corners a few of the laughs. Charlie Ruggles plays his role almost straight.—Century; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ DOOMED TO DIE

Boris Karloff, Marjorie Reynolds. (Monogram.)

SOMETIMES merchant of horror, Boris Karloff is becoming quite a rival for Charlie Chan these days. Here he is as the Chinese detective, Wong, in yet another screening of one of Hugh Wiley's magazine stories.

Thrills of this melodrama derive from the murder of a shipping magnate and a search for a million and a half dollars' worth of bonds, lost when his ship is sunk.

You will meet once again the dim-witted policeman (Grant Withers) and the too smart girl reporter (Marjorie Reynolds).

It is just an average slap-happy detective thriller, with the usual confusing number of suspects, and much unnecessary action that is never explained. In fact, I am still trying to work out just why the murders were committed.—Capitol; showing.

★ MONEY AND THE WOMAN

Jeffrey Lynn, Brenda Marshall. (Warners.)

THIS drama has no humor, plenty of suspense, and a surprise denouement.

Practically all the action takes place inside a bank. Jeffrey Lynn plays the vice-president of a chain of banks who falls in love with Brenda Marshall, the wife of a bank teller (Roger Pryor) in one of the branches.

Jeffrey — and the audience — is given cause to doubt the integrity of the beautiful Brenda. And in this respect I must admit the film does not always play fair.

Dark-eyed Brenda acts with a certain sincerity. Pity that her figure and gait are so clumsy.

This is a competent job, average entertainment, if you don't mind the lack of comedy. The good looks of Lynn will please the women. Excellent performance by Lee Patrick, who plays a dual personality.—Century; showing.

★ THE CAPTAIN IS A LADY

Charles Coburn, Beulah Bondi. (MGM.)

THIS comedy-drama provides a field day for the not-so-young Charles Coburn, Beulah Bondi, Helen Broderick, and Billie Burke, to mention a few.

The story, set in a New England fishing village, details the adventures of a retired "salt" (Charles Coburn) who takes up residence with his wife (Beulah Bondi) in the local old ladies' home. He is the sole male inmate.

This charming film is sincerely acted by Beulah Bondi and Coburn. A host of popular and able character actresses add innocuous humor. The final brief sea scenes have a really salty tang.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Gone With the Wind.** Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of novel. Liberty, 28th week.

★★★ **Ghost Breakers.** Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope in riotous comedy-thriller. Prince Edward, 3rd week.

★★ **Shop Around the Corner.** Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart in appealing whimsey. Lyceum, 3rd week.

★★ **South of Pago Pago.** Jon Hall, Frances Farmer in South Seas action-drama. Plaza, 3rd week.

★★ **He Stayed for Breakfast.** Loretta Young and Melvyn Douglas in amusing sophisticated comedy. State, 2nd week.

★ **Mystery Sea Raider.** Carole Landis and Henry Wilcoxon in average adventure melodrama. Mayfair, 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

FANS who have been wondering about Ingrid Bergman's disappearance from the screen after her successful Hollywood debut in "Intermezzo" will be pleased to know that the Swedish star will soon start work in a new picture.

David Selznick is lending Ingrid to producer Robert Sherwood for the feminine lead opposite Warner Baxter in "Legacy."

She will replace Constance Bennett, who was formerly announced for the role.

* * *

HERBERT MARSHALL and Edna Best, his ex-wife, appeared on the stage as the middle-aged lovers in "Still Life," one of the Noel Coward plays that were presented for the British War Relief. Rosalind Russell was originally signed for the part, but was busy making a picture, so Marshall himself suggested his ex-wife for the job.

ROSALIND RUSSELL, starring with James Stewart in "No Time for Comedy," at the Century.

NANCY KELLY is now one of the few artificial blondes in Hollywood and cheerfully admits to the use of the peroxide bottle. She switched her dark brown hair to a light blonde shade for her role in "Caribbean Holiday," when Peggy Moran, another brunette, was signed for the "other woman" role.

Director Eddie Sutherland felt there should be more contrast between the two girls, so Nancy volunteered to go blonde for the role

* * *

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND has refused the starring role in a remake of "Polly of the Circus," and it looks as though Warner Bros. will have to find someone else for the role.

Olivia seems to feel that she would be out of place in a circus setting, and particularly in circus tights.

* * *

LOOKS as though Gene Raymond is back in pictures to stay. He's now been assigned to the second male lead in RKO's comedy, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery co-star, with Alfred Hitchcock directing.

* * *

NEW ZEALANDER Ronnie Sinclair, who is now a handsome young man of 16, will soon have one the best roles of his career playing Nelson's son.

* * *

ELISABETH BERGNER is now living in Hollywood. She has made no connections with the Hollywood studios as yet.

* * *

VIVIEN LEIGH and Laurence Olivier have commenced work on the new Alexander Korda film. They will appear as Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson.

* * *

ROBERT STACK nearly had to forfeit the male lead in Deanna Durbin's next picture, "Nice Girl." He fell asleep while tanning under a sun lamp, and was so severely burned he had to be taken to hospital. He's still undergoing treatment, but doctors say he'll probably be well enough to start work in a couple of weeks.

* * *

WILLIAM POWELL'S birthday ring for his young wife, Diana Lewis, is a pear-shaped diamond encircled by 32 diamonds and four emeralds.

* * *

BARBARA STANWYCK, who was forced to withdraw from the lead in Paramount's "Reaching For the Sun" because of an eye infection, will star instead in "Lady Eve," with Joel McCrea.

The new picture, a comedy, starts three weeks later than the former production, so the star will have plenty of time to recover from her illness.

HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho — double strength — from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. ***Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.***

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as ***this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.***

KINTHO [DOUBLE STRENGTH]

STOP this nuisance!

Kill ants and bugs with FLIT

Safeguard the cleanliness and comfort of your Home. Insist on Flit to kill ants, bugs, cockroaches and other crawling insects. Substitutes are often worthless — sometimes even dangerous — and frequently waste your money.

Flit is sold in 8 oz. and 16 oz. bottles, 32 oz. and 160 oz. tins.

Vacuum Oil Company Pty. Ltd. (Incorp. in Aust.)

Be sure you get Flit! Harmless to humans — deadly to insects.

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The Movie World

Their latest roles are surprising

Gable with beard, Lamarr without make-up . . .

THE next time you see Hedy Lamarr on the screen she will have no make-up, a shiny nose, and stringy hair. Instead of exotic draperies she will wear a bulky uniform, with no waistline, square-toed boots, and mannish hat. Hedy will appear like this for her role as a female tram-conductor in Moscow in the film, "Comrade X." The exotic Viennese is just one of a number of film-stars who have startling roles in forthcoming productions. ● Languidly beautiful Lucille Ball is romping through "Three Girls and a Gob," a comedy that is being produced by that ace of slapstick, Harold Lloyd. ● Revolutionary piece of casting is that of mild-mannered Franchot Tone as a strong, silent western hero in Universal's "Trail of the Vigilantes." This role brings Tone back to the screen after a lengthy absence. ● Just as unexpected is Errol Flynn's role in a modern comedy, "Footsteps in the Dark"—after more than a year playing in costume films. Flynn appears as a writer of detective stories who turns sleuth himself to solve a mystery. ● A pleasant surprise is the choice of the good-looking and capable young actor, Dennis Morgan, for the lead opposite Ginger Rogers in "Kitty Foyle." Morgan has been working at Warner Brothers for two years, but he has never before had such an important assignment. ● But the most amusing innovation is the bushy, black beard Clark Gable is wearing for "Comrade X." Clark plays an American journalist in disguise.

By Barbara Bourchier

● Beauty on a bank of flowers: Lovely Lucille Ball, who is unexpectedly turning to comedy. She has just been selected to star in the film, "Three Girls and a Gob," which Harold Lloyd is producing for RKO - Radio films.

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• Their first photograph as Mr. and Mrs. . . . Laurence Olivier and his star-bride, Vivien Leigh, pose in the sitting-room of their Beverly Hills home on their return from their honeymoon.

• They fly their own plane: Mr. and Mrs. Brian Aherne (Joan Fontaine) chart their course just before taking off for a week-end holiday. Brian has taught Joan the rudiments of navigation.

HAPPY MARRIAGES . . . which break the rules!

from **Christine Webb** in Hollywood

THEY WOULDN'T TAKE ADVICE

THE more I see of successful Hollywood marriages the more baffled I become.

The reason is that the couples concerned have broken all the magazine rules on "how to be happy though married!"

Take that staunch old dictum that "community of tastes" is essential.

Nan Grey, who hates horses, selected jockey Westrope. Carole Lombard, who dotes on parties, eloped with party-hater Clark Gable. Music-mad Nelson Eddy is beautifully contented, thank you, with the former Ann Franklin, who doesn't know a note of music.

There are dozens more like these . . . from work-loving Sonja Henie and her playboy husband, Dan Topping, to sophisticate Brian Aherne and his shy wife, Joan Fontaine.

And what about that old-wives' warning, "the bridegroom should always be older than the bride"?

Barbara Stanwyck is seven years Robert Taylor's senior. Annabella can give Tyrone Power at least four. Mrs. Eddy—again—is five years older than her husband. And Buddy Rogers is nearly 13 years the junior of his famous wife, Mary Pickford.

Just as exploded is the theory that international marriages are a mistake. Who could be happier than English Merle Oberon and Hungarian Alex Korda; French Charles Boyer and English Pat Paterson; American Mary Astor and Spanish Manuel del Campo?

It is fatal, say the theorists, for husbands and wives to be business rivals. In Hollywood this dictum has long ago been laughed out of court. It makes no difference to Myrna Loy, of MGM, that her husband, Arthur Hornblow, jun., is a Paramount producer. Nor to Ida Lupino (of Warners) and husband Louis Hayward (of RKO); Vivien Leigh (of MGM), and husband Laurence Olivier (of United Artists).

And, of course, you know what the theorists say about Hollywood itself—that it is the home of inevitable divorce. Once again the theorists are wrong. It is the place where people like the Otto Krugers celebrate their 21st anniversary!

• A jockey's wife is pretty Nan Grey, of Universal, whose husband, Jackie Westrope, is snapped with her on the back verandah of their Hollywood home. They have been wed nearly two years.

• Still honeymooning are Sonja Henie and millionaire husband Dan Topping, frequent visitors (right) to New York's most fashionable night-club.

• Former Ziegfeld Follies girl Mrs. Robert Cummings calls for her husband at his studio every day (left) and drives him home.

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Oh Boy! The Fragrance of the Bush on a spring morning!

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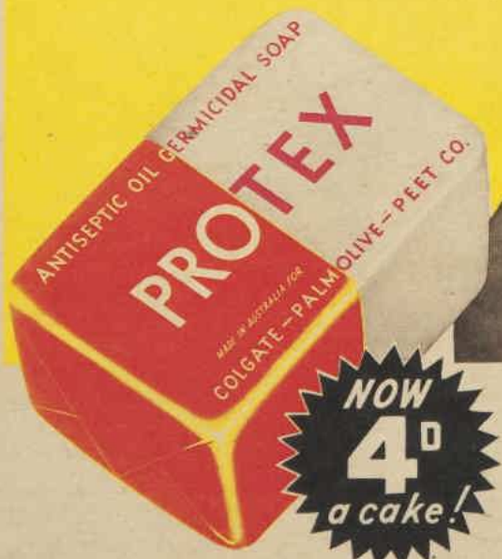

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Did you PROTEX yourself this morning?

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A VILLAIN gets his just deserts

BRILLIANT SCREEN GANGSTER BOGART BECOMES A STAR IN "HIGH SIERRA."

From . . .
JOHN B. DAVIES
in
New York

• Popular Humphrey Bogart, of Warner Brothers, shown concentrating on his camera. After four years playing supporting roles, this capable actor has at last achieved stardom— in "High Sierra," now in production.

• Bogart as he appears in private life. Portrayer of gangster roles on the screen, Bogart—or "Bogey" as he is known to his friends—is a home-loving man. His pipe is his constant companion.

WELL-KNOWN screen gangster Humphrey Bogart has been unexpectedly elevated to stardom to play the leading role in the film, "High Sierra."

He owes his new honor—indirectly—to Paul Muni.

Hollywood has long recognised that Bogart is a good actor. But if Muni hadn't refused the part Bogart would probably have waited a long time for another chance to play in such an important film.

"High Sierra" deals with the life of a member of the Dillinger gang.

Some months ago Warners announced that Paul Muni would play this role.

Muni promptly refused to appear as a gangster. He believed it would harm his popularity with the fans. He suggested the "Life of Beethoven" instead.

Result: Immediate cancelling of Muni's contract with Warners.

Someone had to be found to replace Muni in "High Sierra," for which the studio had paid a pretty high price.

Fitting occasion

WARNERS might have chosen James Cagney or Edward G. Robinson more readily than Bogart.

But the studio has long been toying with the idea of making Bogart a star. This film seemed to provide a fitting occasion.

Ever since he came to Hollywood in 1936 Bogart has been identified with gangster roles.

One-time slick-haired leading man and comedian, he played the killer in the Broadway production of "The Petrified Forest." The next year he repeated the performance for the screen. He has remained in Hollywood ever since.

Bogart was born on Christmas Day, 1900. His father was a surgeon, his mother a well-known artist.

He served in the navy through the Great War, then became assistant stage manager for William A. Brady. This job encouraged him to attempt an acting career for himself. His first role was the lead opposite Grace George in "Ruined Lady."

In private life there is no milder-mannered or less spectacular person in Hollywood.

Bogart is married to film actress Mayo Methot—very happily. She only is more important to him than his career.

The Bogarts are by no means recluses, but they avoid the usual Hollywood night life. Their chosen companions are writers, newspaper men, and the endless stream of visiting friends from New York.

"Everybody else who comes out here to act in pictures," remarks Humphrey, "says he wants to avoid listening to 'shop talk' all the time.

"But I like to talk about the movies. I'm probably the greatest fan in or out of the whole business. I feel out of place if I'm at a party where there aren't any show people. They're my kind and I like to be around 'em.

"Other actors become yachtsmen or they own big ranches with orange trees on them. Or they have racehorses.

"That's not for me. I never even owned a rowboat. All I know about horses I learned on a merry-go-round.

"I like my house slippers, my food piping hot on a clean tablecloth."

HOW TO KISS

When you kiss a man, or he kisses you, if there's one thing that ruins your kisses, it's to smother him with lipstick. A man hates that tell-tale smear of lipstick on his mouth, his chin, his cheeks—or on his handkerchief!

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F9a-12

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1 **PARTY** of four scientists, including Mary (Janice Logan) and Stockton (Coley), reach Dr. Thorkel's headquarters in the heart of Peruvian jungle.

2 **AFRAID** that they will learn of his invention to reduce men to midgets, Thorkel (Dekker) tells Dr. Bullfinch (Halton) and Mary that they must leave.

3 **CURIOSITY** aroused, all four sneak into his laboratory, where Thorkel, angered at intrusion, traps them in radium apparatus.

5 **CAPTURING** Dr. Bullfinch Thorkel returns to the laboratory to continue experiments.

6 **THE** other three flee into the jungle, and when Thorkel follows take refuge in his specimen case.

4 **NOW LITTLE PEOPLE,** only fourteen inches high, the four escape from the laboratory to a cactus patch, which affords them excellent shelter from Thorkel's pursuit.

MEN IN MINIATURE

PARAMOUNT'S "Dr. Cyclops" is described by its makers as "a thrill-fantasy." Its technicolor adventures centre around a mad scientist who succeeds in reducing human beings to one-fifth their normal size.

To safeguard the secrets of its amazing trick-effects, the production was made behind closed doors. Albert Dekker, Janice Logan, Thomas Coley, and Victor Kilian head the cast.

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4 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese, cut in half inch cubes, 8 soft prunes stuffed with chopped nuts, 1 cucumber, 3 ripe tomatoes, Lettuce, radishes, Kraft Mayonnaise.

Slice tomatoes and cucumber. Cover a large salad plate with crisp young lettuce leaves, and arrange other ingredients on top in fanwise shape—first a row of tomato slices, then the cucumber rings, the prunes, and another row of tomatoes. Pile up the cubes of Kraft Cheddar Cheese in the centre of the fan, and garnish the plate with radish roses or watercress. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise. This recipe serves four.

Nothing like Kraft Cheddar Cheese to brighten your salads. Those golden-smooth Kraft Cheddar cubes or slices *look* so tempting. That delicious, mellow flavour of Kraft Cheddar Cheese *adds zest* to any salad recipe.

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P.S. *Kraft packs your salads with extra nourishment too!* Kraft is rich in first class tissue building proteins, and energy units . . . rich in vitamin A . . . and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, needed for building strong bones, sound teeth. It takes a gallon of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft.

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PORTFOLIO of FASHION and Beauty

COLOR . . . *in a big way*

Fashions sent from New York
Sketched by PETROV

• Dramatic yellow crepe with huge red spots, made with a prim bodice and plenty of fashion excitement in the skirt. The waist is slender and the hipline cleverly accented by whopping draped pockets. (Above.)

• A whirling skirt in harlequin plaid taffeta, sobered effectively with a black velvet sweater-top slimly moulding the figure. (Centre.)

• Superbly simple shirtwaist frock achieves fashion heights in an eye-catching cotton, violently striped in violet and orange. (Right.)

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PLAY FROCKS...

Interpreted in crisp and colorful cottons

• Super sports frock of coarse linen cut on Magyar lines with a flared skirt and triangular pocket. The striking Aztec design is hand-printed in Mexican hi-lo colors. Above.

+ + +

• A youthful pinafore-cum-dirndl in blue-and-white striped ticking, made with a whirligig skirt and huge patch pockets. With it a white pique visor tied on with a gay bandanna kerchief. Top right.

+ +

• Over an ultra-feminine little playsuit of rose cotton goes a high-waisted and full-skirted pinafore of white cotton with an amusing paper doll motif in rose and blue. Right.

+ +

• A simple frock of mist-blue linen, inset with a wide front panel striped in pink, blue, and white. A matching striped sunshade and handbag add interest. Extreme right.

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The handkerchief trick . . .

¶ New York, tired of the conventional idea of hankies solely for blowing . . . is designing kerchiefs solely for showing . . . large, gaily-printed squares teamed with plain white fabrics to provide some new startlers in evening wear.

• A practically endless skirt of white chiffon topped by a long torso bodice made of two huge handkerchief squares shirred up centre-front and back.

• Sleekly sophisticated white jersey, high waisted and worn with a kerchief halter top splashed with a brilliant border print.

• The classic dinner style—white crepe shirtwaist, and to add intrigue it has cute little puff sleeves and yoke made of printed squares.

• Youthful white marquisette with a billowy skirt inset with vivid, flower-scattered squares to form an unusual border pattern.

• Dazzling white pique, crisp as lettuce, made in the pinafore style, with a shirred handkerchief front to look like a peasant blouse.

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LUX TOILET SOAP
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Joan Blondell
Starring in Paramount's
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Actual statement by Joan Blondell

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P.38.1WW

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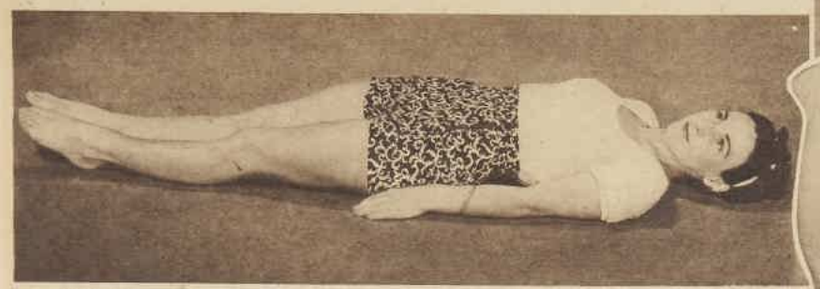
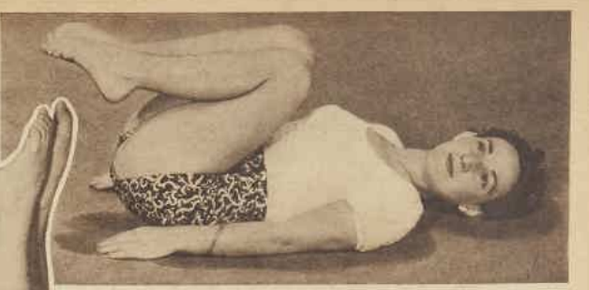
These WILL reduce . . .



1. ROUTINE for a bulging tummy. This exercise must be done regularly and aggressively if you want results. Start by lying on the floor as shown above—legs straight, arms by your sides. Relax and do not arch your back.



2. NEXT, draw both knees up close to the abdomen—touching if possible, so the following upward thrust will be most effective. Keep shoulders and arms on the floor. Don't strain, but use some effort. This movement will come easier with practice, and it will take inches off your tummy.

3. NOW COMES the upward thrust. Reach for the ceiling with your feet, pointing your toes at the same time. Then lower your legs to the floor. This exercise should be done slowly, and the knees should be kept stiff. Arms and shoulders should not move. Repeat three to five times at first, and increase as your tummy decreases.

EXERCISES specially evolved by a physical culture expert for improving the figure and reducing hips, waistline and thighs. They are guaranteed to put you into good shape, provided you do them regularly.

By JANETTE

THERE'S probably no woman who is completely satisfied with her figure.

Some are too thin; others want to reduce. Others again want to put on weight or take it off in certain spots only.

But there are four things, so the physical culture experts state, that worry the majority of women most of all.

These are bulging thighs, an over-plump tummy, spreading hips (also known as "stenographer's spread"), and a combination of the last two.

And women with these figure problems are perpetually worrying and wondering what they can do to get rid of their unwanted bulges.

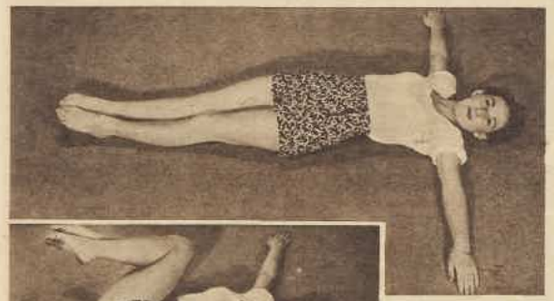
There is something that can be done. These figure faults can be exercised away.

There are four special exercises which will do the trick.

Indeed, the physical culture expert who evolved them promises they will not fail, provided you do them faithfully night and morning for several weeks.

One woman who tried them reduced to the extent of a stone in weight in less than six months.

To-day we give you two of the exercises. Next week on this page the other two will be given.



1. ROUTINE to slim abdomen and hips at same time. This is a rolling exercise which is not easy to do, but with practice you'll learn control. But it does do a good job, and is worth persistence. Begin by lying, as shown above, in relaxed position, legs straight, arms stretched out sideways.

2. DRAW your knees up close to your abdomen and roll over on your right hip. Now roll on your back again and stretch your legs as you do so, but don't touch the floor with your feet.

3. COMPLETE the exercise by rolling over on to your left hip, drawing your knees up to the tummy again as you do so. Keep shoulders and arms on the floor, and be sure your feet don't touch the floor. They should actually describe a circle.

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1 floraloc TAKE THE SALUTE from your admiring public in a sunny print that's quite wrinkle-proof! Washable, too, of course, and colours are fast. From . . 49/11

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F1937—The covered-up evening trend with full skirt and corselette waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 9⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

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£3250 in Prizes.
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Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 13

"DON'T let it worry you," said Leonard . . . "Listen, Awara. I've been thinking. You say you don't trust Mr. Wagner."

There was a pause.

"That is not strange," Mr. Awara said. "In my profession one never trusts anyone. It is not possible, Doctor Birch."

Leonard's mind moved ahead on a fresh train of thought. He was physically helpless, but he still could reason.

He tried to put himself precisely into Mr. Awara's position.

"I wouldn't say," he said, "that Mr. Wagner is an entirely reliable man. How do you know that you'll get what you want out of him? How do you know that he won't eliminate you before he's through?"

"Those thoughts have occurred to me," Mr. Awara said. "I am watching Mr. Wagner very, very carefully, and I should be pleased to hear a suggestion from another point of view, Doctor Birch."

"All right," Leonard said. "I'll tell you what I'd do if I were you. If you don't like the company you're in, you might go to General Prisca. Tell him the whole story. He might give you your concessions. It would be worth it to keep Wagner out."

There was another, longer silence.

"I have given that some thought," Mr. Awara said. "If matters were desperate, as a last resort I might attempt it, but matters are not desperate."

"You certainly are a sweet lot of people," Leonard said.

Mr. Awara sighed. "Not nice people to be concerned with," he answered. "But we are only doing our duty. We are entering Santa Rosa now."

Leonard glanced out the window. The car was moving through the suburbs of a town, past low mud houses, past people lounging in the streets and examining the wares of shops spread out-of-doors under bright electric lights. It was still early in the evening. Whenever they passed a street light he could see Mr. Awara looking at him gravely. Mr. Awara was holding a little pill-box in his hand.

"I have thought of something," Mr. Awara said.

"What is it?" Leonard asked.

Mr. Awara smiled. "Excuse me," he said. "I do not mean to laugh, because I admire your attitude. You gave me pills. Here are some for you. These will help, I think. A single one acts very quickly. In three minutes we will be with Mr. Wagner. If you and Mrs. Birch would consider taking these, it would save you from the interview."

"I want to see Wagner," Leonard said.

"At least," said Mr. Awara, "take the box. Give one of them to Mrs. Birch to hold in her hand. When they lead you out, remember it. There is no pain. My associates have used them. I have carried them with me for many years. Please remember them and please forgive me, Doctor Birch."

Leonard put the box in his own pocket. Mr. Awara had spoken kindly and generously, and there was one consoling aspect to the situation. It was so utterly unfamiliar that, though his reasoning powers told him that Mr. Awara was in earnest, he still could not believe it. He could not believe it any more than he believed that he had shot Mr. Javres not so long ago. He could not believe that he and his wife, who were ordinary people, might meet death in a little while. That lack of belief still kept him calm. He was feeling very much alive, actually feeling hungry.

They drove through a square surrounded by municipal buildings, past another square where an old cathedral stood. He could hear the bells ringing as they waited at an intersection while a tramcar went by, and then the automobile rolled slowly along a narrow street well into the centre of the town, past the yellow walls and the bare windows of houses with balconies above them, and past doorways leading into patios. The car stopped in front of a high-arched door.

"We are here," said Mr. Awara. "We will wait until the door is opened."

The door was opened, and two strong, swarthy-looking men crossed the sidewalk to the automobile. Leonard and Winnie were helped out, and it was rather cleverly done, for anyone on the street might have thought they were entering the house for a casual evening call and that members of the household were courteously escorting them. An instant later they were standing in a long room of white stucco that was simply furnished in massive Spanish style, lighted by electric sconces.

Leonard heard the street door slam somewhere behind them. He did not have long to look around him, but he was able to gain an immediate impression of the place. They were in a house of indeterminate age which belonged, evidently, to a Latin American in comfortable circumstances. The room where they were standing had once served as the reception hall, and doors on either side of it led to other rooms.

"You will wait here for a moment, please," Mr. Awara said, and he walked the length of the room to a door on the right, opened it and was gone.

The two men who stood beside them looked at them curiously, but did not speak. Two other men, seated on a bench across the room, looked at them also. Their manner as they sat there indicated that they, like himself and Winnie, were waiting to be called to some other room in the house. No one spoke and Leonard listened. The door into the courtyard stood open, and he could hear footsteps and voices, and he could see that the rooms surrounding the court were brightly lighted. The whole place gave an impression of methodical activity, as though a good many people were working there under a skilful executive.

Leonard cleared his throat and spoke to the guards. "Speak English?" he asked.

They shook their heads.

"Don't let this worry you," he said to Winnie.

SHE looked up at him, and she managed to smile. "It's like a dentist's waiting-room, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes," said Leonard, "and Awara's given us the novocaine in his little pill-box."

Winnie was still watching him. "I used to hate the way you took things, Leonard," she said. "You always had a way of making everything boring, but maybe it's a good idea. Leonard, do you really think——"

"Don't think," he answered quickly. "The main thing is don't let this get you down."

"Leonard," she said, "if this hadn't happened, I'd never have known that you aren't incurably a professor. You look dreadful. You haven't shaved."

"All right," said Leonard. "There doesn't seem to have been a chance."

"Leonard," she said again, "do you really think——"

"I think we're in a deuce of a mess," he answered, "but don't let it get you down. I think we're in bad company. Maybe we'll have to show them we can take it." He reached in his pocket and took out his spectacle case. "Anyway, they left me my glasses," he added.

Please turn to page 36

NO HARSH PURGATIVES AFTER 35!

If you think it's an exaggeration to say "harsh purgatives are dangerous," have it out with your doctor. He knows that up to 75% of cases of a serious type of illness in people over 45 are the direct result of over-use of harsh purges

No child ever should be allowed to reach maturity thinking that the frequent use of harsh purgatives is a natural way to "cure" constipation. It is this "taking it for granted" attitude towards purges that leads people to continue with their use even after their condition has become chronic. These purges give only temporary relief by means of shock tactics — they do not get at the cause.

What's more the bowels are irritated. You require no medical knowledge to realise that continuous irritation of the bowels can lead to serious harm.

It is between the ages of 35 and 45 that most damage is done by *irritating the system* with harsh drugs instead of *relieving the system* which, no doubt, you think you're doing. As any doctor will tell you, the cause of common constipation is lack of "bulk" in the food you eat.

Our modern staples — potatoes, white bread, milk, meat, fish and eggs—contain hardly any "bulk." "Bulk" can be obtained from uncooked vegetables and fruit (cooking destroys "bulk"). But it is practically impossible to include a steady and sufficient supply of uncooked vegetables and fruit in modern meals.

Enjoy two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran regularly for breakfast with milk and sugar; or sprinkled over any other cereal. Do this, drink plenty of fluids and you'll never be constipated.

That's why doctors to-day recommend Kellogg's All-Bran. Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural "bulk" food that works on the muscles in the same way as fruit or vegetables—*but more surely, more thoroughly.* It brings about a *normal,* regular movement because it supplies the "bulk" that muscles need to make them work.

All-Bran will have you SAFELY regular within a week.

YOU MUST USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP

Your finest safeguard against BLEMISHED SKIN

Being a MEDICINAL and TOILET Soap, Cuticura serves a twofold purpose. It keeps your skin gloriously clear and rosy in spite of frequent exposure to the weather; while its silky, emollient lather refines and beautifies coarse, sallow skin, making it smooth and supple as velvet. Start using this 2-purpose beauty soap today — it will endow you with a new peach bloom loveliness, radiant with health.

If you have a tendency to pimples or skin eruptions, apply Cuticura Ointment. Its antiseptic action heals in a surprisingly short time. After the bath, Cuticura Talcum is delightfully soothing and refreshing.

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Cuticura PREPARATIONS

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On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

• "WHO'LL BUY a ticket for this tray-mobile-hamper?" ask Aileen Britton and Pte. John Kirkpatrick at C.U.S.A. Fete.

• CARD PLAYING is friendly when Mrs. D. F. Weingarth (left) and Mrs. B. B. O'Conor, jun., get together . . . at party for Deaf, Dumb and Blind children.

• TOPSY is such a likeable doll that Mrs. John MacAdam finds it easy to sell lucky tickets for her at 2/1st Pioneer Shop. Customer is Mrs. Walter Lancashire.

• EXACT WEIGHT for customers when Mrs. Lindsay Wills serves potatoes at Market Industries' Stall, Martin Place.

Mrs. Casey's tour . . .

MY American mail gives me first-hand news of Mrs. Richard Casey. On a recent trip from Washington, D.C., to New York, she did something which all Americans yearn to do—toured the city by night in a police scouting car.

She visited the scene of several five-minutes-old Harlem crimes, and saw a line-up at headquarters before dawn broke.

Mr. and Mrs. Casey stayed in Washington all summer, but sent their two young children to the seaside.

They catch the eye . . .

THE little Dutch boy and the little Dutch girl, both diamente, worn by Rita Nugent . . . Mrs. Sam Hordern's platform evening shoes . . . the platform diamente . . . Mrs. Geoff. Gregory's chalk-white crepe dinner frock . . . Peter Pan collar studded with amethysts . . . Betty Goodwin's blue-and-white silk frock . . . looks like lightning . . . Beryl Francis' paler blue and white striped suit . . . pencil slim . . . and large white hat decorated with cloudy blue quills . . .

Marriage lines . . .

HELEN DAVIDSON and Frank Austin have arranged their wedding to take place at Wagga this Thursday, during Frank's leave from camp at Cowra. Helen is the only daughter of the W. H. Davidsons, of Mundarlo, and Frank is the son of the A. W. Austins, of Lake Midgeon, Narrandera.

Party round . . .

PANTRY, kitchen, and shower teas are keeping Joyce Warren busy this month until the 30th, when she weds Reg Sevil at St. Philip's, 7 p.m. Three bridesmaids . . . groom's sister Mary, and two S.C.E.G.G.S. school friends, Joy Osborne and Dorothy Toss.

It's full bridal array for Joyce . . . very thrilled because lovely wedding dress is a gift. Pre-wedding hostesses are Mrs. Gordon Lawson and Mrs. Ron McDonald. Bride-elect is also finding time to look for a flat at Rose Bay.

Good team work . . .

NO time is wasted by women cricketers when they put away their bats. Most clubs are busy making toys for the Toy Shop they will open on December 2 to raise funds for London Distress Relief Fund.

Mrs. Ranald Peden tells me that toy-making began at the end of the winter, when Kuring-gai Club found no sale for their bags of firewood . . . which, incidentally, raised £41 for Willoughby Patriotic Fund.

All toys are home-made—but they don't look it. Most professional-looking collection is already on view at University Chambers. Ducks on wheels, hobby horses, trains, and boat convoys among them.

University Club is making dolls' furniture . . . graduates Molly Dive, Ena Jones, and undergrad. Joan Fildes assisting. Stuffed animals and dolls' frocks are Western Suburbs' contribution. Balancing parrots are Isabel Stevenson's work of art.

The McAdam twins, Jean and Joan, have done all necessary painting at Mrs. Peden's outdoor workshop at Chatswood, which is complete with circular saw and lathe . . . and no fingers have been caught in the saw.

G. H. reception . . .

STROLL on to verandahs for breath of air at Government House reception in honor of Minister to Japan Latham . . . quite obvious that Governor Wakehurst strictly observes water restrictions, as beautiful old garden has that hopeless look.

Lots of guests can't attend party, being in Melbourne for various reasons. However, 300 arrive, all at same time, it seems, judging by crowd. Peter Lubbock and Lex Albert take turns announcing.

Peter remarks audibly during particularly heavy crush . . . "So awkward when names don't belong to the people shaking hands."

Recall that few of us ever own names we get announced by, anyway.

Buffet table massed with yellow broom. Effective background for Mrs. James Macarthur Onslow's long silver fox cape; Mrs. Lex Albert's smart black frock, toque of huge white roses; Mrs. Bill Owen's navy and white print.

Other guests . . . the Akiyamas, Hector Claytons, Noreen Dangar, Jimmy Dicksons, Telford Simpsons, Philippa Stephen, Barbara Knox. Morna Ashton there, too, hatless.

Did you know? . . .

DECEMBER 14, St. Stephen's, is date and place chosen by Margaret Bremner and Ronald Potter for their wedding. Reception at Australia. Bridesmaids . . . Marjorie Foll, Raymer Cox, and Betty Clubb.

The just-married Bill Gowings are back in town. Bill to take up R.A.A.F. duties. Spent week's honeymoon sunbaking at Terrigal . . . Mrs. Jim White lent her home. Bride was Valerie Burcham.

Chips Skaratt presented sapphire and diamond ring to fiancee, Melbourne's fair-haired Sue Fraser.

Her first effort . . .

ARRIVE at opening of 2/1st Pioneer Battalion shop, George Street, to hear Lady Julius nervously admitting she is "no good at opening things." It is her first effort, and a good one.

Shop crammed with marvellous assortment of things, all made by wives. Stuffed giraffes, elephants, Popeyes, dolls, frocks, jam and an antique four-poster.

Lots of officers' wives buying up for Christmas . . . Mesdames P. E. MacGillicudy, H. S. White, W. Ledgerwood. Also Mrs. E. H. O'Malley Wood, Miss M. Cox, Mesdames Bernard Campbell, A. Brown, R. Egan, S. Cousen, John A. MacAdam.

Everyone very proud of 1st Pioneer flag decorating the wall . . . gift from Mr. Jack Ellis. It was used during Great War.

Heard around town . . .

RUMOR that Redleaf, Double Bay, the beautiful old Mackay home, might be opened for exclusive entertaining, after style of Elizabeth Bay House.

And seen . . .

MRS. Rex Money selling tickets in War Wedding Presents Art Union . . . presents were given by her uncle, Mr. D. L. Dowdell.

• IT WAS FUN for young Angela Fell being Alice in Wonderland at Story-Book Fair, Karitane . . . even though she didn't grow smaller or taller.

• ESCORTED by Peter Pagan, attractive Pat Firman arrives at Theatre Royal to see "Banana Ridge" . . . her coiffure swathed with blue tulle.

• JOY JOLLEY didn't go to Melbourne for Cup Carnival, so she tunes-in at Sydney party to hear race results.

• POPEYE helps Marie Leahy (left) and Mary Downey makes success of lucky-dip in aid of C.U.S.A. Naval Unit . . . Town Hall.

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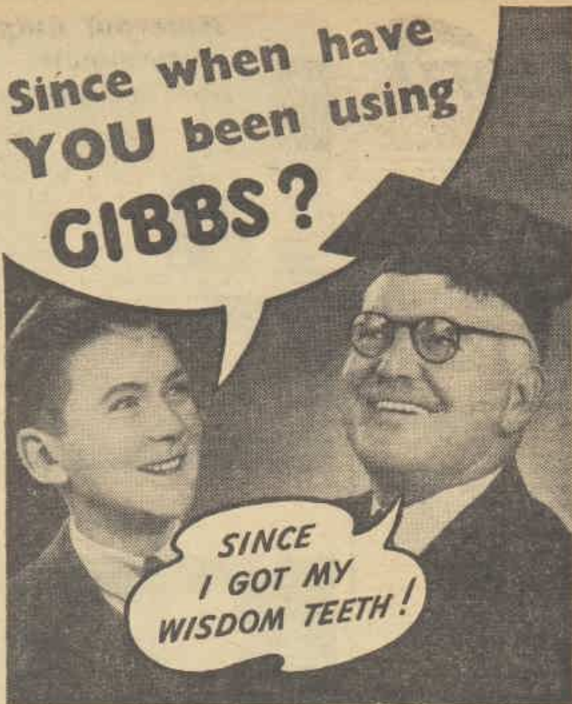

Be wise! Change to Gibbs and keep your teeth strong and healthy. Gibbs' refreshing foam swirls away every scrap of food that could cause decay . . . leaves your mouth clean and healthy . . . your gums firm . . . your teeth polished white. Gibbs is wonderfully economical too—the 1/- tin lasts for 116 days, the 1/6 tin for 216 days. You don't have to be Professor of Mathematics to see that it *pays* to use Gibbs.

Gibbs Dentifrice

Small Tins .. 1/- Large Tins .. 1/6
Large Refills .. 1/3

G.11.26

HAPPY MOTHERHOOD

Baby shouldn't be an anxiety to you when teething. Providing that the motions are kept easy and regular and the blood cool, there need be no fretting and peevishness when the first little teeth appear. That is exactly what Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders do. They keep baby happy because they keep him healthy, and they are absolutely safe.

ASHTON & PARSONS' INFANTS' POWDERS

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD.
POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 34

"YOU look terrible with your glasses on," Winnie said, "when you haven't shaved."

"Winnie," Leonard said, "I'd like to tell you something."

"What?" she asked.

"I'd like to tell you while I have a chance that you have the makings of being a fine girl. Not many people could carry on as well as you have. Just keep on doing it."

"I used to hate it," Winnie said, "because you were a pedant, and now I like everything about you again. Leonard, what is this place?"

Leonard's glance, bland and incurious, travelled about the room.

"This place?" he repeated. "I imagine it's what's known as an energising cell, or some such newfangled word. The headquarters, I guess, where they're starting a revolution. I've never seen one, so I can't be sure. Anyway, we may get out of it. We're not dead yet."

"Do you see any way out?" Winnie asked.

"I don't exactly know," Leonard said, "but they haven't got us yet. General Prisca wouldn't like it if he saw this place. That was one of his officers whom we saw crossing the room a few moments ago. From all that I've heard, General Prisca is quite a boy."

He stopped. He heard a cry across the courtyard—the choking, undignified cry of someone in great pain.

"Leonard——" Winnie began, and he held her tight by the wrist.

"Never mind that," he said, and he heard the sound again. "Never mind that," he repeated.

The door at the far end of the room opened. Two officers walked through it and crossed the room on their way to the street. Mr. Awara walked behind them and bowed to Winnie and Leonard.

"This way, if you please," Mr. Awara said, "and remember my little box when you are leaving." The door ahead of them was still open, an oblong of bright light. They followed Mr. Awara across the threshold and Leonard whispered to her.

"I love you," he said, "and I'm right beside you."

The room they entered was ugly and formal, lighted by three glass chandeliers. Its furnishings were heavy Empire. There were settees by the walls and a great many gilded chairs and marble-topped tables with gold clocks. There was a large mahogany table in the centre of the room and Mr. Wagner was seated near it, gazing intently at a map, and Miss Bailey sat beside him. Mr. Wagner did not look up, but Miss Bailey saw them. She smiled at them in a mechanical way, as though she were still a cruise hostess, but there were dark circles under her eyes and there was nothing pleasant about her smile.

"Doctor Birch," she said, "I'm dreadfully sorry. If you only had ——"

Mr. Wagner looked up, picked up a pencil and rapped it on the table. His face was pale and expressionless. His light blue eyes were steady.

"We have discussed all that," he said. "Be silent, Nera . . . Good evening, madam . . . Good evening, Doctor Birch."

"You look busy," Leonard said.

"Yes," said Mr. Wagner, "I am busy doing my duty, Doctor Birch. I shall continue being busy all through the night, long after you and Mrs. Birch have"—he paused and gazed at the point of his pencil—"gone to sleep," he ended.

Everyone was quiet, and no one enlarged upon that last remark.

"If you're so busy," Leonard asked, "why do you want to see us?"

Mr. Wagner looked at his pencil and frowned, and then looked up.

"Because I want to ask you a few questions," he said. "It will be easier for you afterwards if you answer them. You follow me, I hope."

"I have some vague idea of what you're getting at," Leonard said.

"Awara," Mr. Wagner said, "will you place two chairs for Doctor and Mrs. Birch? . . . I do not want you to feel that there is personal animosity in this, Doctor Birch. It is only duty. Please sit down. If you answer, everything will be decidedly more comfortable for you when it comes to—subsequent arrangements."

Leonard and Winnie sat down on two stiff-backed chairs and faced Mr. Wagner across the table. Mr. Awara seated himself also and Leonard took a quick glance at him, but Mr. Awara's face was blank. Miss Bailey put a handkerchief to her lips and drew it away again.

"So you killed Javres," Mr. Wagner said.

"Yes," said Leonard, "but Awara tells me that isn't the usual word."

"I am sorry that you killed him," Mr. Wagner said. "Javres was a very useful man. Javres confirmed our suspicion that you had a letter from a gentleman we both know — Mr. Tweedsbury."

"Yes," said Leonard, "I imagined he told you."

Mr. Wagner nodded. "It just occurred to me," he said, "that Mr. Tweedsbury might have placed in that letter the names of certain friends of his in Chica. I should like to have you take a pencil and paper and write down those names."

There was a moment's silence and Leonard looked up at the glittering chandeliers. Every word of the note was clear in his memory and no colleague had been mentioned except Mr. Javres. Yet there seemed no immediate reason to tell Mr. Wagner this, and, even if he told, Mr. Wagner would not believe it.

"Well?" said Mr. Wagner.

"I have a proposition for you," Leonard said. "I shall write down on this paper every word of Mr. Tweedsbury's note, provided you let us go, and if you let us go my wife and I will guarantee to forget that we have ever known you. I'll even promise to give up my work here. We'll return to New York at once."

Mr. Wagner tapped his pencil softly on the table.

"I have no doubt that you had the best of intentions originally," he said, "but we cannot feel that your sudden nocturnal trip has been strictly in our interest. Mr. Awara tells me he has explained to you that the matter is too serious. It is something we all must face, Doctor Birch."

"Then why should I tell you anything?" Leonard asked.

Mr. Wagner continued patiently. "We can have no talk about political matters here," he said, "or I can never be useful again. I can only promise that you will be more comfortable if you give me that information. That is as far as we can possibly go."

LEONARD moistened his lips. The whole room seemed completely prosaic. Mr. Wagner was impersonal and calm. He heard Winnie draw a sharp breath and start to speak, then check herself.

"Mr. Wagner——" Leonard began, but before he could go any further a door at the far end of the room opened and Leonard saw a man with a close-cropped bullet head, with his sleeves rolled up above thick, muscular forearms. He reminded Leonard of a gymnasium attendant or an expert masseur, and he spoke to Mr. Wagner in German.

"The colonel is ready now," he said.

"Ready to talk?" Mr. Wagner asked.

"Yes, Excellency. The colonel is prepared. Shall I bring him in?"

"Bring him in," Mr. Wagner said, and he turned to Leonard.

"Excuse me," Mr. Wagner said. "This is the colonel of General Prisca's personal guard. He has been with us for an hour of inquiry. When you see him I think that you will understand that it is more comfortable to answer questions."

A thin man, half supported by the bullet-headed attendant, came staggering across to the table. Leonard tried not to look, but found himself staring, fascinated, at what was left of General Prisca's officer. The officer, who must have been tall and straight once, was bent over and sobbing like a child.

"If he will not touch me again ——" he was sobbing in Spanish. "Promise he will not touch me again——"

Mr. Wagner gazed at him critically. "You have done very well, Hans," he said. "I think the colonel is in the right condition . . . Now, colonel, we are calling on General Prisca this evening. What is the best way in?"

"Through the stables, senor," the colonel said. "There is only one sentry—and then through the kitchens."

Mr. Wagner unrolled a sheet of paper on the table and weighted it down with an ash-tray. "Here is a plan of the residence," he said. "Show me exactly, colonel. Show me the rooms and where the guards are . . . Help him over here, Hans."

Please turn to page 38

Let this Miracle Face Cream work Magic CHANGES in your looks!

FACIAL YOUTH MAKES YOU LOOK YOUNGER, LOVELIER—OVERNIGHT

No matter what your age, no matter how rough, red, or blemished your skin, "Facial Youth" will work magic changes in your looks — make you look 10 years younger overnight! Containing costly 'Vita-cel,' it ends Blackheads, Open Pores, Shiny or Greasy Nose, Dryness, Lines, and Wrinkles. Nourishes and restores the skin tissues. An unequalled powder base, too! 1/3, 1/9, and 2/6.

Guarantee

KATHLEEN COURT'S 'Facial Youth' Beautifying CREAM

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy,* which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.* Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1562E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Her Finger Tips Lift out Corns

Advice of chemist who knows how to wither up corns so they come out easily and painlessly.

"Yes, she was bothered with hard throbbing burning corns—but they didn't last long," said the chemist. If you are suffering from corns — take my advice and put a drop of Frozol-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger-tips.

Go get a 1/6 bottle of Frozol-Ice to-day from your nearest chemist or store and get rid of corns—core and all.***

So They Say

Modern art shows start keen arguments

THE recent exhibitions of and controversy on contemporary art (Mrs. Berry, 26/10/'40) have opened the eyes of the public and been a great help to those who exploit this new form of presentation.

Whereas previously the general public repudiated the subject, perhaps they are now intrigued, and it may mean that this modern art will gain recognition and give those who exploit it a chance to succeed.

Mrs. L. Howarth, School House, Tempe, N.S.W.

Suggest nightmare

MANY examples of so-called "modern art" certainly give one the impression that they were painted by the artist during a vivid nightmare.

Surely there are enough ugly and distorted things in the world without perpetuating them on canvas.

Let us see more of the beauty that abounds on the earth.

Mrs. P. Mortimore, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Not worth keeping

CAN anyone imagine examples of surrealistic art being hung in galleries for generations to admire? The many glorious examples of painting genius that are ours to

Hard to understand.

cherish will live for ever, but there is nothing valuable to a nation in the ridiculous examples of modern art we have seen lately.

Miss N. Leigh, Ocean St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

Typify this age

IF critics of modern painting would endeavor to look at contemporary exhibitions from the point of view of the painters they would find more to interest them, and have more understanding.

Present-day painters are trying to express this age and are not concerned with the worn-out traditions of the old masters.

We already owe much to the "modern" point of view in the simple, dignified design of many modern buildings and homes.

E. Paterson, McKenzie St., Seaford, Vic.

Very unreal

IF modern artists paint pictures as they appear to the eye and mind of the painter, then it seems that there must be many examples of exceedingly poor eye focus.

Weird daubs of ink or paint, which have the most grandiloquent titles, usually appear to the person of normal eyesight as sheer nonsense.

Life for most of us just now is realistic enough, without having to cope with surrealistic art.

H. L. McCormick, Browning St., Glenelg, S.A.

Just unfamiliar

ANYTHING revolutionary in art always starts criticism.

While agreeing that most things take "getting used to," is it not possible that sometimes we are lazy-minded?

We have become accustomed to a certain form of painting or drawing, and we are disinclined to start to learn appreciation all over again.

While much modern art appears grotesque, there are many stimulating and interesting ideas being brought before us.

Miss Ada Longmore, P.O., Ararat, Vic.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

BRIBE FOR GIVING

RECENTLY, on a "carnival" day, I was amazed at the aspect of a "Roman holiday" in full force. Outside a hall there was an exhibition of ridiculous clowning, and a litter of thousands of empty "lucky" envelopes.

Every few yards in the busy shopping centre men and women screamed exhortations to try this "lucky" dip and that "lucky" wheel.

I recognise that these people were acting with the best intentions, but there does seem, to me, to be something wrong if money for a worthy cause has to be wrung from us by the allure of getting back something better than we give.

Miss Faye Barry, 10 Jolimont Rd., Jolimont, Vic.

HOSPITAL GIFTS

IN my opinion, the inevitable present of flowers to hospital patients can be quite distressing, for, in watching the process of their wilting from day to day, there can be no psychological urge to return to health and strength.

Would it not be better to present to such patients bulbs grown in bowls? Hyacinths, tulips, and lily-of-the-valley are all beautiful, and as the buds appear and new life responds to the process of nature the patient must have an impetus to do likewise.

Surely the effect of new growth as against the decay of flowers must have a beneficial effect.

Joan Graham, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

THOSE "MOANERS"

SOME people are always grumbling about their troubles. To the normal person it is irritating to be constantly in the presence of this type, but they are really hurt if you become impatient with them.

How depressing they can be, especially when one has troubles of one's own.

It is remarkable how many people go through life as "moaners" when it is possible for all to develop a cheerful philosophy.

"Life is really what you make it," and if the grumblers only recognised the truth of that quotation there might be less complaining.

M. C. McKay, Campbell St., Boonah, Qld.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE HEARTH

THE vast majority of women are unlikely to find opportunity for national service in spectacular or outstanding directions.

With us rests the responsibility of maintaining the practical business of life, caring for small children, training the citizens of to-morrow, tending the aged, doing all the simple, universal, natural things which tend to make the home life of the nation a sane and wholesome thing.

We are the guardians of the hearth.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. Emma Clark, Market St., Trentham, Vic.

SELFISH MEN

A MAN will be unselfish if necessity arises, but he rarely acts that way without feeling conscious of his good behaviour.

No doubt this is the result of his early training. Girls are taught to be unselfish in small things as a matter of course. In a boy it is a rare merit to be noticed and praised.

Perhaps this is why a man often fails in his efforts to behave unselfishly towards the girl he loves.

Mrs. L. I. Scanlon, P.O., Lethbridge, Vic.

TOO FINE SEWING

SOME of the sewing tasks which teachers in schools set children impose too great a strain on their eyes.

Surely there are plenty of forms of needlework in which they can be trained without the excessively intricate and fine stitching which may do definite injury to their sight.

Mrs. E. Hambly, 23 Rickard St., Balgowlah, N.S.W.

RATHER SHABBY

FURNISHINGS of many homes have the appearance of having been bought at a better-class second-hand shop.

Is it because the housewife buys an antique table, an easy chair, and so on as she saves a few pounds?

Her idea is to improve the home. Yet it would be far better to bank the money over a period of years, then sell all the old furniture, and replace it completely with a modern suite.

The result would be much more artistic.

Elizabeth V. James, 68 Abbott St., Bendigo, Vic.

SHELVE DUTIES

WHEN a person has held a junior position and has obeyed the dictates of her seniors, and then has finally risen to a managerial position herself, she is often tempted to hide behind her new privileges and pass as much of her work as possible to her juniors.

Is this a rightful reward, or should a person attaining authority still continue to work as hard as before?

Nellie Mills, 24 Park Ave., Randwick, N.S.W.

REASONS FOR POISE

A MAN friend of mine maintains that a woman who is not sophisticated must necessarily be devoid of poise, but to me this is quite wrong.

We all know charming women, both young and old, who, without being sophisticated, have poise and charm and understanding.

Sophistication tends to harden women and make them less sympathetic towards others.

J. G. Paynton, Garden St., Hawthorn E3, Vic.

TAKE HOLIDAY

WHY do so many people say they would not be bothered going for a holiday every year? I think it a great benefit, and the money could not be better spent.

The most agreeable, courteous and learned people of my acquaintance are those who take their annual holidays. They come back to work—whatever it may be—rejuvenated, refreshed, and ready to face another year's trials or triumphs.

Mrs. L. E. Coombs, Boomey Rd., Molong, N.S.W.

Maternal duty to repair son's wardrobe?

A MOTHER who passes on the mending of her son's clothes to his young bride is lacking in her sense of duty (Miss Child, 26/10/'40).

I knew a young girl who had made a trousseau for herself by giving up all her free time for months before.

On her wedding day she received from her prospective mother-in-law a huge pile of unwashed and unmended shirts and socks.

Yet the bridegroom wondered why she protested.

Mrs. N. Bourke, 157 Womerah Ave., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

Wife's charge

IT is the wife's duty to care for the husband. In most cases the mother is either too old, or still has unmarried sons to sew for.

If, however, a bride-to-be is asked to do some mending and washing of her fiance's clothes before they are married, and she objects, she will not make much of a housewife.

M. Clark, 125 High St., Prahran St, Vic.

Pleasure, not work

SHE would be a strange mother who could give so much as one article of her son's clothing to his new wife in anything but the best condition.

Most of us would find it a labor

A formidable task.

of love to neatly mend and press each item and pack it carefully, and so hand on the task well done.

Mrs. L. Grace, 216 Burwood Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

Cause resentment

A WIFE'S duties commence after her marriage, and a mother should mend her son's clothes beforehand.

Of course, if the young bride-to-be volunteers to perform the tasks that is a different matter, but there should be no compulsion about it.

T. Pitt, Robe St., Grange, Brisbane.

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Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 36

LEONARD felt himself growing ill as he heard the man speaking. He listened without following the conversation, but he watched the faces bent over the paper.

"Very well," Mr. Wagner said at length. "We shall be ready to start in half an hour. I shall need the time to check over the other arrangements . . . Take the colonel back, Hana."

Mr. Wagner looked up from the paper. "You see," he said, "it will be more comfortable to tell."

"You know," Leonard began, "you're an infernally unpleasant fellow, Mr. Wagner, but as far as I am concerned you can try anything you like."

Then he heard Winnie's voice beside him, rising above his own.

"Don't talk, Winnie," he told her. "I'm talking."

Mr. Wagner nodded courteously. "My dear Doctor Birch," he said, "I am afraid you are in a different circle from any to which you have been accustomed. Our ideas of morality and mercy are necessarily divergent from your own. Now, if Mrs. Birch wishes to speak, I should be only too happy to hear her . . . Do you not think it would be better for your husband to tell more fully about the letter, Mrs. Birch?"

Leonard felt a sharp tug at his wrist. Winnie had moved her hand with unnecessary force.

"I certainly think he had better," Winnie said, "but Leonard is always stubborn. He has his own ideas."

Mr. Wagner smiled at her encouragingly. "Perhaps you and I can help him change them, Mrs. Birch," he suggested. "We have several methods."

Winnie was smiling graciously back at Mr. Wagner. He and Miss Bailey and Mr. Awara might have been guests at home. She smiled and at the same time she moved her hand in another jerk, so that the steel of the handcuff bit into Leonard's wrist.

"I've tried to change him for quite a while," Winnie said. "The only way with Leonard is to do things when he doesn't notice. Now, I read that letter before Leonard did. I found it in our stateroom."

Mr. Wagner laid his pencil down and clasped his hands together. "You would not be here, madam, if I did not think you had," he said. "Then everything is a great deal easier. Do you remember what names were in the letter, Mrs. Birch?"

"There were no names," said Winnie, "except Mr. Javres. Odin was anxious for us to get in touch with General Prisca."

"No other names?" said Mr. Wagner slowly. "Are you very sure?"

"Yes," said Winnie. "But at any rate I don't see how it makes much difference."

Mr. Wagner was very courteous and patient. "Exactly how do you mean," he asked, "that it makes no difference?"

"Odin was so anxious for us to get in touch with General Prisca," Winnie repeated. "It doesn't matter, because General Prisca knows about the letter already." She jerked the handcuff again.

Everything in the room was completely still for a moment. Everyone was motionless and everyone was staring at her, just as though time had stopped. Mr. Awara had been about to take a cigarette from his gold case and now his hand remained suspended above it. Mr. Wagner had been about to pick up his pencil, and now his hand had stopped just as he grasped it. And Miss Bailey held her handkerchief in front of her lips.

Mr. Wagner was the first to speak. "Perhaps you will explain," he said.

Leonard looked blank and Winnie's eyes met his innocently.

"I think we may as well tell them," she said, "don't you, Leonard?"

"Yes," he said, "I think you might as well."

Then Mr. Awara spoke very softly. "It is the boat boys," he said, and he snapped his cigarette-case shut. "You trusted the boat boys."

"Certainly," said Winnie. "I wrote them a letter to give to General Prisca. They started off right away."

Leonard rubbed the palm of his left hand against his coat and took off his glasses, looked at them and put them on again. He tried to show no sign of surprise and he tried to think. Had she done it or had she not? He could not be sure, but her tone was completely convincing.

"One of the boys has a brother who is the general's servant," Winnie said. "He was sure that he could reach the general quickly, so I wrote a letter—rather a long letter."

Mr. Awara dropped his cigarette-case into his pocket. "Perhaps," he said, "I had better attend to this."

Mr. Wagner's lips were still bent in a formal smile. "I am not entirely sure that I believe this," Mr. Wagner said, "but go out and tell Ludwig to have the cars ready. We had better start at once."

Mr. Awara's face was entirely impassive. He examined Mr. Wagner thoughtfully and then he looked at Leonard.

"If this is so, it is very, very embarrassing," he said. "Very, very stupid of me not to have thought, but you did not send me enough men to help, Mr. Wagner. I wished to secure everyone on the boat. Very, very embarrassing."

Mr. Wagner's face grew red. He was obviously under a heavy mental strain. "Don't talk so much," he snapped. "Have I ever wanted to work with a Japanese? Go out and order those cars. We shall go up there at once."

"So difficult," Mr. Awara said, "if he should have received that message."

"You shut your mouth," Mr. Wagner said. "Go out and make arrangements." Mr. Awara crossed the room quickly and closed the door noiselessly behind him. Mr. Wagner pushed back his chair and stood up.

"If this is true——" Miss Bailey began.

"Just a moment, Nera," Mr. Wagner said. "This is no time to be excited. Simply because a letter has been given to someone does not mean that Prisca will read it."

"Don't you think so?" Winnie asked. "The boy was very sure he would read it. I sent Leonard's passport with it. I told about you and Mr. Awara."

"Exactly what did you have to tell about us?" Mr. Wagner asked.

"Plenty," Leonard said, and smiled at him. "She told plenty. Mr. Javres talked—enough—so you'd better pack up and leave, Mr. Wagner. If you go down to Sebastian you may find Mr. Javres' boat."

Mr. Wagner stood motionless, listening. "Ludwig," he called, "Ludwig."

Please turn to page 40

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She hoped to become Lady Goolara

Romantic story of squatter's wife linked with early Australian history

Roy Connolly has given us a romantic story of early Australia in his latest book, "Southern Saga."

He has set his chief players against an authentic background of the struggles and problems of the Northern squatters—convict and indentured labor, currency, the right to purchase holdings, and the division of the eastern half of Australia into Queensland and N.S.W.

THE author has linked the hopes of his heroine with the historical proposal of W. C. Wentworth last century to establish a House of Peers in Australia.

If the proposal had been approved, Wentworth himself might have been Baron Vaucluse, and a number of leading Australian families would have founded baronetcies.

Georgiana Everett, pretty, shallow heroine of "Southern Saga," found compensation for the hardships of bush life in Australia in the hope that she might one day be Lady Goolara, when the House of Peers was created.

Goolara was the name of her husband's property, set in what was then the Burnett district of northern New South Wales. It is now Queensland.

But the proposal for an Australian Peerage was deleted by Wentworth from his constitution bill, in deference to public opinion—expressed by Henry Parkes' newspaper, "The Empire," which said it "would make us the laughing stock of every civilised nation."

So Roy Connolly's fictitious Georgiana had to live without her title!

Mr. Connolly has sprinkled his story with names well known in Queensland history, and handed on to-day—Leslies, of Canning Downs; Haleys, of Taabinga; Archers, of Coonambula; Bells, of Jimbour; Russells, Lawless, and Mocattas . . .

The author's grandfather, John Connolly, to whom the book is dedicated, was himself a pioneer of the Burnett, and died at Gayndah, in 1919, in that district, at the age of 103.

The dedication recalls that he was known as Budgeree, meaning Goodfellow, to the Wakka tribe of aborigines, who figure in the story.

The romantic theme of the story concerns a young squatter, Stephen Everett, and his pretty wife Georgiana, who was brought up in Sydney and not adaptable to the life of bullock dray, bark hut, salt beef, and damper.

The pretty wife's infatuation for an officer in command of the Native Mounted Police causes temporary estrangement. It also gives the author an opportunity of touching on problems associated with blacks.

Hedley Hampton, the English officer, cruel and unscrupulous, represents the worst influences at work in those days; the influences which caused some notable scandals in the treatment of the aborigines.

Period of the book, 1849 to 1856, was the time when separation loomed large in the minds of the Burnett and Darling Downs squatters.

The first proposition for the new boundaries would have put the Burnett district, some hundreds of miles north of Brisbane, within New South Wales, which did not suit the Burnett squatters at all.

As the day of separation came nearer—the book closes in 1856, three years before separation was achieved—arguments raged as to the name of the new colony.

So widespread had been the influence on fashion and manners of the French Empress that, the author records, the name Eugenie was seriously put forward as a suggestion!

Georgiana, accustomed in her Potts Point home in Sydney to all the luxury the colony could muster at the beginning of the last century, was not pleased when, travelling by sailing boat from Sydney, she saw the sprawling bush town of Brisbane.

There would be no one, she complained, to admire the dresses which had been specially sent from Paris for her.

Never did she take kindly to the discomforts and dangers of the bush pioneering, and was afraid even of the friendly station blacks.

When she did meet real danger, however, it was from an uprising of the indentured Chinese on a neighboring station, the careless owner of which had forgotten to bring from Brisbane the silver in which they demanded to be paid.

The Chinese, when signing their indentures, always stipulated that they be paid in silver twice a year. They understood the silver, because they knew the silver dollar, and would not entertain the idea of "station orders," chief form of payment in a community that existed practically without currency.

"Southern Saga." By Roy Connolly. (Grayson and Grayson.)

CLAIRE BOOTHE, whose witty play, "The Women," netted her nearly £100,000, has just published a new book, "Europe in the Spring." She went to Europe last March to endeavor to assess what America's relation to the war should be, was in Brussels when the Germans marched in, and in France during "The Battle of the Bulge."

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Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 38

A DOOR from the courtyard opened, and Leonard saw that the Ludwig who answered was the sailor who had nearly dropped the bucket on his head.

"Hello, Ludwig," he said. "Is my bath ready?" But neither Mr. Wagner nor Ludwig was amused.

"Where is Awara?" Mr. Wagner asked. "Where has he gone?"

"Mr. Awara?" Ludwig said.

"Yes," said Mr. Wagner. "Can't you hear? Where's he gone?"

"He stepped out into the street, Excellency," Ludwig said.

"Didn't he order the cars?" Mr. Wagner shouted.

"No, sir," Ludwig said.

"Then get them," said Mr. Wagner. "Get them! There's a message going to Prisca from Sebastian. We must be there before it reaches him."

"It's reached him by now," Leonard said.

Mr. Wagner spun about on his heel. "Do not trouble yourself with speaking, Doctor Birch," Mr. Wagner said. "It was smart of you, but I think there is still time. You will be taken care of here . . . Ludwig, what is that noise outside?"

Leonard had asked himself the same question just an instant before.

Outside in the entrance hall he heard the hum of voices and heavy steps, and then the sound of scuffling and a blow.

"Open that door, Ludwig," Mr. Wagner called. "What the devil is this? There's no need for so much noise."

Ludwig pulled the door open and shrank back. "Soldiers, Excellency," he said. "Soldiers in the reception hall."

"Soldiers?" Mr. Wagner repeated, and then Mr. Awara was standing in the doorway.

"What is this about soldiers?" Mr. Wagner asked. "What is the trouble outside, Awara?"

Mr. Awara stepped quickly into the room. "So sorry, Mr. Wagner," he said. "My orders were, in a crisis, to use my own discretion. Here is Mr. Wagner, Mr. Officer, the commercial agent, and here are Doctor Birch and Mrs. Birch . . . Do not move, please, Mr. Wagner, in case there is an accident."

Mr. Wagner did not move, but his face was scarlet, and his expression was incredulous. "Awara——" he began, and then he stared at the door. Two officers in khaki uniform had entered with drawn revolvers, and behind them came four soldiers with fixed bayonets.

"Awara," said Mr. Wagner, "I've never seen these men."

"No," said Mr. Awara smoothly. "They are from General Prisca's Twenty-first—a very loyal, well-paid regiment. I am so sorry, Mr. Wagner. I have been obliged to telephone the barracks. It was necessary, you see, to use my own discretion." Mr. Awara paused, but no one spoke.

"It had become too dangerous to continue with you, Mr. Wagner. Doctor Birch had arranged it, in my opinion, so that our plans were not quite fruitful. It is my hope that General Prisca may be grateful to me, if not to you."

Mr. Wagner's face grew redder. "You are a double-dealing swine," he said, and he spoke to the soldiers in Spanish: "You cannot touch me here. I can show my papers. I have diplomatic immunity."

Mr. Awara smiled and nodded. "There is no need to tell them," he said. "I have explained it to the officers. But there are others here who have no diplomatic immunity—Miss Bailey and Hans and Ludwig, for example, and the citizens of Chica in the house. They are taking your papers already, Mr. Wagner. I think to-morrow you will be asked to leave."

Mr. Awara smiled and bowed his dark head and raised it. Mr. Wagner's hands twitched convulsively, as he stood there wrestling with his anger as though it were a tangible, almost a human, enemy. His whole body grew tense, his face was contorted in his efforts at self-control, while Mr. Awara watched him, coolly detached and patient.

"You—" Mr. Wagner's voice was hoarse. He choked on a word and checked himself, and turned to the officers, addressing them in their language.

"You have no legal right to invade this residence," he said. "If you have any questions, I am the one to answer them, and no one else. This Japanese employee of mine"—he pointed to Mr. Awara—"has lied if he told you there is anything wrong here. Everyone here is engaged on a peaceable commercial mission and I am ready to make all suitable explanations."

But Mr. Awara spoke again in English before the officer could answer.

"My dear Mr. Wagner," he said, "this will do you no good. They will see in a minute how you have handled the unfortunate colonel. I have sent to have him brought here."

And as Mr. Awara finished speaking two more soldiers entered, supporting the colonel between them.

"You see, gentlemen"—Mr. Awara's Spanish was excellent as he addressed the officers—"here is one of your superiors. You can see that Mr. Wagner has been asking him questions."

"So!" Mr. Wagner shouted. "You stab me in the back—so——"

"Please," said Mr. Awara, "please. There is no need for recrimination, Mr. Wagner. It is a matter of taking to the boats when the ship is in danger. It is now time for me to look after my own nation's interests. There is every reason to believe that General Prisca will be grateful and will do my country some small but welcome favors."

"When I report—" Mr. Wagner began.

Mr. Awara raised his hand and stopped him. "I think it would be very much better," he said, "if you were discreet, Mr. Wagner. I, too, shall be obliged to report. I should dislike saying that I have found your management unskilful, that I have never approved of violence at the present time, that your arrangements here and your subordinates have not been of the best. I should dislike saying, in conclusion, that I think you are a very overrated man. Did I not say that I needed more help at Sebastian? Did I not?"

MR. WAGNER squared his shoulders and stood up very straight. "I am leaving now for my minister's," he said. "There will, of course, be a complete denial, but advices will be sent to your chief. There will be ways of arranging for you, Mr. Awara."

Mr. Awara wiped his hands on a clean white handkerchief. "I should advise you to go to your ministry as quickly as possible," he answered gently, "and I should stay within the limits of the yard. I am so afraid that General Prisca may be incensed with you and forget immunity."

"I shall hope to see you sometime later," Mr. Wagner said, "and when I do——"

Mr. Awara smiled at him. "So very honored to meet you," he said, "at any time. Come to us sometime in the East."

Mr. Wagner turned to the army officer who was standing near him and addressed him in Spanish.

"Senor Capitan," Mr. Wagner said, "here are my credentials. They are in order, showing I am a commercial attache here on a diplomatic mission. You will allow me to proceed to my legation."

The officer dropped his revolver back into his holster and examined the papers which Mr. Wagner handed him. Then he bowed and handed them back.

Leonard smiled at Winnie. "They have beautiful manners," he said, "and a good deal of self-control. Look at all the trouble you've given them."

"I am Captain Diaz," the officer was saying, "a loyal soldier of my great general who rules this country. Your papers are in order. If you leave, no soldier can touch you."

"Thank you," said Mr. Wagner. "If you will tell your men to step aside, I am leaving now."

Please turn to page 42

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. . . of course, we admit the little lady is in an awkward position, but, you see, she has a very wise mother who recognises the value of good things. She knows that MARSHALL FABRICS are dependable for wear, that their STYLE is RIGHT, QUALITY is RIGHT, and PRICE is RIGHT.

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Ronald Colman . . as seen by his brother

Career that developed out of the melting-pot of last war

Some years after the last war two brothers applied to an English movie studio for a film test. The manager looked them over, patted them on the shoulder and told them politely to run away and not waste his time.

The names of the two brothers were Ronald and Eric Colman. To-day Ronald Colman is one of the leading actors in Hollywood, while Eric is one of the best-known personalities in the Australian radio world.

ERIC COLMAN, popular announcer at 2GB.

BACK on the 2GB announcing staff after an absence of two years, Eric Colman recalled for The Australian Women's Weekly some interesting memories of his famous brother.

"Ronald is slightly younger than I am," he said, "but we both went to the same school together. In those days he was always reading, and the family intended that his career should be the Church. But he had even then a passion for acting, and fortunately our school at Littlehampton encouraged amateur theatricals, particularly performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. We both took part, and I can remember Ronald giving a fine baritone performance of the Pirate King in 'The Pirates of Penzance.'

Sings in film

"I SUPPOSE it will come as a surprise to most picture-goers to know that Ronald can sing, for they have never heard him. I believe that in his new picture with Ginger Rogers, 'Lucky Partners,' he will be heard singing on the screen for the first time.

"It was probably the last war that was really responsible for Ronald becoming an actor. Anyway, its outbreak put an end to my commercial career, and interrupted his studies for the Church. We both enlisted in 1914. I joined the South Staffordshires and Ronald the London Scottish Regiment. He was badly wounded in 1915, and I later transferred to what is now the Royal Air Force.

"When the war was over we were both at a loose end. Ronald drifted into stage work. And here is a rather strange coincidence.

"One of his first appearances on the stage in London was with the daughter of Ada Reeve, Miss Goodie Reeve. Soon after, we both tried to break into the English motion picture industry without success, and following that Ronald decided to see what Hollywood had to offer, while I decided to come to Australia and break into commercial aviation. That was in 1917, the last time we saw each other, though we have been in constant touch by mail.

"The result of Ronald's trip to Hollywood everybody knows. As for myself, I arrived in Australia, found little doing in commercial aviation, and took a job in a film-distributing company. That is where Goodie Reeve comes in again.

"She, too, had come to Australia, and had made a career for herself in radio. My firm decided to take the unusual step in those days of making a dramatic precis of the picture to advertise it by radio. Miss Reeve was asked to select a cast, and I was given a part. That broadcast brought me an offer of a job with 2GB, which I immediately accepted. The picture, by the way, was 'The Trespasser,' in which Gloria Swanson sang 'Toselli's Serenade.'"

Watches career

ERIC COLMAN has never missed seeing one of his brother's films from the days when he made the first version of "Dark Angel" and "The White Sister," with Lillian Gish, and his first starring appearance in "Beau Geste."

Like his brother, Eric Colman is very fond of sport.

"At school," he said, "Ronald was rather sickly, but he soon grew out of that, and to-day he is one of the finest tennis players in Hollywood. If his career had not been on the screen he might have been a first-class tennis player."

Eric Colman resembles his brother, though his features are built on a much more rugged line than Ronald's. His voice is not unlike Ronald's, though it has its own distinctiveness.

He has appeared in two moving pictures, "Splendid Fellows" and "The Flying Doctor," but his heart is too much in radio for him to desert it for a career in films.

In the eight years that he has been an announcer with the Macquarie Network, his voice and his personality have given dignity and distinction to Australian commercial radio.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, November 13.—The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party. Fats Waller.

THURSDAY, November 14.—June Marsden's Astrology Playlet for Children.

FRIDAY, November 15.—Patricia Morison. Musical Mix-up.

SATURDAY, November 16.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, November 17.—"In a Quiet Mood."

MONDAY, November 18.—"Highlights from Opera." Patricia Morison.

TUESDAY, November 19.—Sun Spots.

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BE WELL-DRESSED UNDERNEATH

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Don't Ask Questions

Continued from page 40

"STAND back from the door!" the captain called. "Allow this senor to leave!"

"But, Excellency—" It was Ludwig speaking in German. He had wrenched himself away from a soldier who had been holding him, and he stepped in front of Mr. Wagner. "What will become of the rest of us? What of me? What of Fraulein Bailey and the others?"

Mr. Wagner's arm shot out. He seized Ludwig's shirt and pushed him backward. "What generally happens, do you think?" he asked. "You must take your chances. That is what you have been paid for."

"But, Adolph," called Miss Bailey. "Adolph—you will take me with you?"

"The lady is under arrest," Captain Diaz said, but Mr. Wagner did not appear to hear either him or her. He brushed past the soldiers and strode out of the room.

"Adolph!" Miss Bailey called, but there was no answer.

Mr. Awara folded his handkerchief and put it back in his pocket.

"Captain Diaz," he said, "may I make a suggestion?"

Captain Diaz was a short, squat man. His broad face indicated that he had Indian blood. "Assuredly, senor," he answered. "Any reasonable suggestion."

Mr. Awara's voice took on a confidential tone. "Do you not think," he said in very good Spanish, "that it might as well if this man Ludwig and Senorita Bailey should follow Mr. Wagner? Senorita Bailey can halt him for a minute and converse with him and I believe that Ludwig would try very hard to stop Mr. Wagner from going any farther—with the idea that General Prisca might be pleased and grateful."

"Yes," said Captain Diaz, "that is a most excellent suggestion."

"Miss Bailey," said Mr. Awara, "are you receptive to my suggestion?"

"Yes," Miss Bailey answered. "Thank you. That is very thoughtful of you, Mr. Awara."

"You think that you can manage it? That it will not affect your sensibilities? I am so sure that General Prisca will be pleased."

"Yes," Miss Bailey answered alertly, "I think that Ludwig and I can manage."

"Ludwig," said Mr. Awara, "here is my pistol. Return it to me when you are finished, please. You and Miss Bailey had better hurry." Mr. Awara nodded at Captain Diaz, who nodded and smiled back at him.

"Allow the man and woman to leave," he ordered.

"Leonard," Winnie asked him, "what are they going to do?"

"Darling," said Leonard, "I'll give you just one guess, but don't worry too much about it. I can't worry too much about any of these people."

Mr. Awara moved towards them and bowed. "That is so true," he said. "It is not necessary to worry about men like Mr. Wagner or me. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow. Here is Captain Diaz, Doctor Birch, who will take care of you. And now perhaps we had better be on our way to see General Prisca. The general should be very pleased."

Captain Diaz raised his hand in a quick salute. "Senora," he said, "Doctor Birch. The general is an open-handed, generous man. Yes, he will be very grateful."

"Awara," said Leonard, "you might unlock these things." He pointed to the handcuffs.

Mr. Awara bent above them with a key.

"So stupid of me to forget," he said. "I have been very busy." He tossed the handcuffs on the floor. "I think that you are lucky, Doctor Birch. I hope that you are grateful."

Leonard Birch stood up and Winnie stood up beside him.

"To you?" Leonard asked. "For double-crossing Mr. Wagner?"

"After all," said Mr. Awara gently, "it saved your life."

"If it hadn't been for that letter," Winnie said, "you wouldn't have done it, would you?"

"Let us not put it that way," said Mr. Awara, "please. I like you both very much indeed. The letter was only a factor which destroyed a combination. I was quick enough to step aside—and now we are going to see General Prisca."

"All right," Leonard said.

Mr. Awara smiled and continued speaking, smoothly and softly:

"And I am going to depend upon you, Doctor Birch, as a reasonable man, to point out to General Prisca what I have done and to add your plea to mine that he will make a few small commercial concessions to my nation."

Mr. Awara laughed. "It is so little to ask, considering."

"But, Mr. Awara——" Winnie said.

Mr. Awara's smile grew broader. "Yes, Mrs. Birch," he answered.

"I'm not so sure that General Prisca will understand."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Awara. "I do not quite follow you." He smiled at Winnie and she smiled back.

"You see," Winnie said, "I don't believe that General Prisca knows anything about this yet."

Mr. Awara's eyes flickered. "Please," he said, "I am very stupid."

"You see," said Winnie, "Leonard didn't want me to send a letter by either of those boys. He didn't think that it was wise, and I always try to do what Leonard wants most of the time. There hasn't been any message to General Prisca."

Mr. Awara drew out his pocket handkerchief again. "I wish, if you please," he said, "you would kindly say that again."

"There isn't any reason to say it again," said Leonard. "You heard it once. I've got a good wife, Awara."

"But we ought to see General Prisca, shouldn't we?" Winnie said.

"Yes," said Leonard, "you and I. But I do not see why Mr. Awara should go . . . Captain Diaz——" He spoke quickly to the captain in Spanish, and then he turned back to Winnie. "We'll see General Prisca by ourselves. Mr. Awara will be busy talking with the soldiers for a little while."

THE house was full of soldiers and so was the street outside, and suddenly Leonard Birch felt weary. Now that they were outside the house, the day and the days that came before it were already more like something which he had dreamed than actual memories—Mr. Wagner and Miss Bailey, and Mr. Awara and Mr. Javres and the boat were all becoming imaginary figures—and he was back again awake. He was Leonard Birch again, bound for the lowlands beyond Santa Rosa to study the anopheles gamiae, and this was what he had proposed to do, and all the rest of it was a fantastic interlude.

It was almost impossible to believe the things which had stared him in the face, because he had not the skill or the temperament or the inclination to be involved in them. But there was one thing which he remembered with an amazed and reluctant respect. It was that Winnie had pulled him out of it.

They were standing on the sidewalk in the warm darkness. An army car was waiting at the kerb with a military chauffeur, and Captain Diaz was speaking. "If the doctor and the senora will enter the car," he said, "and will wait, I shall join them in a minute before we leave to see General Prisca. I must see that the Japanese gentleman is quite secure. Everything has happened so rapidly."

"Take your time. We're in no hurry," Leonard said.

He helped Winnie into the automobile and closed the door. It was his first opportunity to speak to her alone.

"Well," he said, "that's that," and he put his arm around her.

"Leonard," Winnie said, "what has everyone been saying?"

"Plenty," Leonard said. "You fixed it—you certainly fixed it."

"Say that again," Winnie said.

"You fixed it," Leonard repeated. "No one could have done it better. You fixed it when I thought we were washed up."

She sighed and rested her head on his shoulder. "Darling," she said, "it was dreadful, wasn't it? I'm just beginning to realise how dreadful. Would you think I was a fool if I began to cry?"

"No," Leonard answered. "I'll tell you something. I was scared, inside that house."

"So was I," said Winnie. "That's why I began to talk. It did help, didn't it? I was useful, wasn't I? Tell me so—for once in my life."

"Promise not to quote me if I do," said Leonard, and he kissed her.

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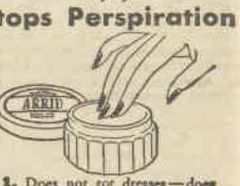

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The Australian Women's Weekly
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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society.

Scorpions are the "go-getters" of the zodiac. They'll even go out of their way to look for trouble.

FORCEFUL, self - assured, capable, practical, shrewd, hardworking, courageous and ingenious, these people born between October 24 and November 23 are seldom at a loss for words or deeds, and are excellent to have handy in times of emergency.

They like an argument and will frequently take an opposite viewpoint to that really held by them, just for the fun of seeing the other fellow "rise to the bait."

They are also keen on a fight, and are famed for "carrying chips around on their shoulders" in the hope that someone will give them a chance to start something.

This habit creates many enemies and much unpopularity, but they are inclined to express only contempt for such people.

Scorpions are courageous to the point of rashness. They excel in dangerous vocations, such as soldiering, speeding, test-flying, and as surgeons, machinists, engineers, policemen or detectives, and secret-service workers; also as leaders and pioneers in all sorts of risky ventures, business or physical.

They make good friends—but bad enemies. It pays those who deal with them to try to understand these folk and to be tolerant of their many failings for the sake of their many virtues.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Plan for immediate future and get all routine work in hand in readiness for quick action. Meanwhile November 22 just fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): If you can get through this coming week, especially November 21 and 22, in safety, you can be proud of yourself. At present most Taurians are landing themselves in trouble. They cannot feel safe until after November 22. Take no risks just now; start no ventures; make no changes; be patient.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Get important matters under way if they are urgent, but wait if possible. Meanwhile November 16, 17 and 18 (early) just fair. November 23 adverse.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Go after things on November 18 (after noon), 19 and 20. Start new ventures or journeys, make changes, seek promotion or gains and new friendships.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be particularly cautious, wise, and patient on November 21 and 22, for rashness then can create difficult positions and bring later regrets. Better times ahead, beginning November 22 (late).

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Very fair radiations for Virgoans on November 18 (p.m. hours), 19, and 20 if outstanding matters need attention. Thereafter take things quietly, especially on November 23.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Just fair on November 16, 17, and 18 (early).

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Much good possible on November 18 (after 2 p.m. only), 19, and 20, so try to realise a few hopes and wishes. At the same time avoid all elements of risk and over-confidence; try to dodge argument or delay.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Good days ahead (possibly beginning very late on November 22), but meanwhile routine and planning will be best.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Fair for semi-important things on November 18 (p.m. hours), 19, and 20.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Let your conscience be your guide, for you can be your own worst enemy at this time, especially on November 20 (late evening), 21, and 22. Take no risks; try to dodge arguments, upsets, delays, obstructions, worries, and general trouble. Routine advised.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Go after opportunities, advancement, help from friends or superiors, favors; start new ventures or journeys; sign documents; be confident, cheerful, and hard-working, especially on November 18 (after 2 p.m. only), 19, and 20. Be sure to get all outstanding matters in hand then. November 23 very poor.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, has been forced to jump by parachute from a plane flying over Central Africa with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant. With them is
LIBIE CARR: Who wants Mandrake to help her solve a mystery. All three land safely, and Libie tells Mandrake that she fears for the life of
TOD BROWNELL: Her fiance, whom Mandrake knows. She says that her father,
COLONEL CARR: Of Fort Radi, sentenced a native called
BESA: For stealing, and dire threats were made to him and Tod.
One morning her father found that a lock of his hair had been cut off during the night, and that Besa had escaped. NOW READ ON.

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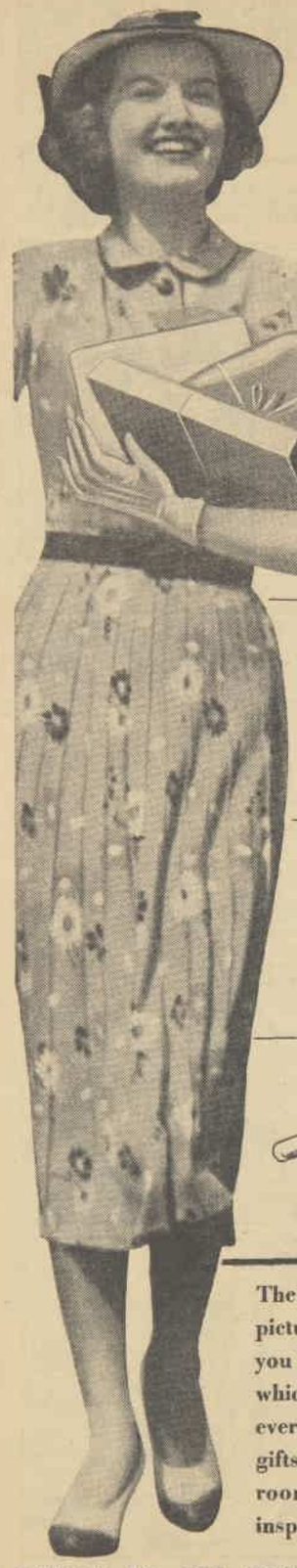

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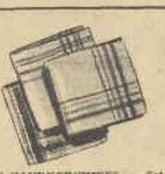

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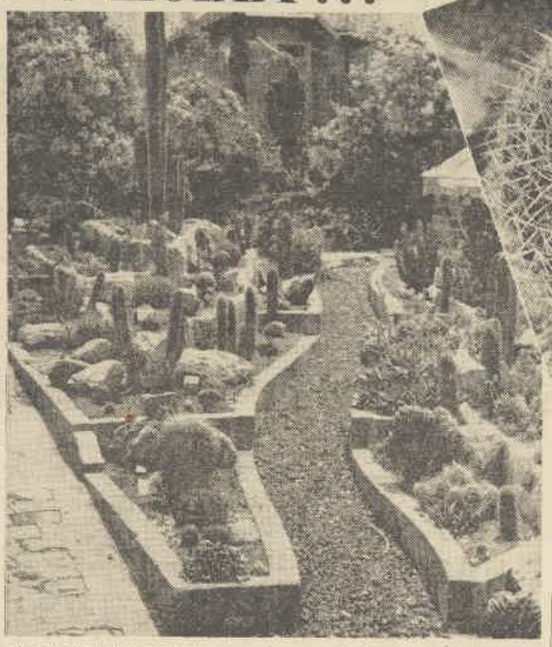
The Homemaker
November 16, 1940
The Australian Women's Weekly

THE CACTUS HOBBY . . .

● One of the most fascinating hobbies is growing cacti — those weird plants which are, according to their nature, amazingly beautiful, grotesque, aggressive, repelling, or inviting of caress.
—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.



THIS porcupine-looking member of the cacti family is Echino Cactaceae Grusonii. The echinocactus family vary from tiny specks of plants to others big as barrels, and thousands of years old.

(LEFT): A general view of Mr. Ollason's cacti nursery showing stepped rockeries and plant arrangements. This picture also gives some idea of the amazing variety of cacti.

THE HAIRY PLANT in the foreground is aptly named Cephalcereus Senilis (old man).

IN the last 30 years Australians have given that familiar variety of cactus, Optunia vulgaris, or prickly pear, many names that would not bear being repeated here, with the result that cacti have very largely been condemned as garden plants.

Officialdom unfortunately has also blindly condemned these interesting and beautiful plants, as a family likely to become noxious, and therefore deserving of no consideration whatever.

It has rested with a small band of hobbyists, however, to popularise the plants in this country, and already a thriving society with rapidly increasing membership has been started in the eastern States.

Some collectors have upwards of 1000 varieties, and nurserymen are taking interest in their production.

I saw Mr. L. O. Ollason, of Hurstville, one of the pioneers of this interesting hobby, at his home recently, and learned much from him concerning this beautiful plant family.

Every foot of his garden is laid out in neatly-built rockeries and bays, or stepped with receptacles carrying rare, curious, or exotic examples of the numerous cacti family.

For 12 years Mr. Ollason has collected seeds and plants of cacti and succulents from every part of the world, until to-day he has most of the 1500 varieties known to botanists.

In his garden of about 120 by 30ft. he has crowded thousands of spiny plants, some of which could give away weight to a porcupine and beat it easily on points.

After wandering through this, the finest collection of cacti in Australia, I felt the urge to join this band of hobbyists, for many of the cacti are marvellously lovely when in flower.

They have satiny, translucent petals, mostly of extremely delicate texture, and all possessing a sheen that even outrivals the orchid. Few of them, however, were in flower at the time of my visit.

One flower, cereus grandiflorus maynardi, measures 14 inches across, and is a glorious combination of crimson and violet. This variety, however, is not only rare, but very expensive and difficult to grow.

I hobnobbed for an hour with the cereus family, most of which were formidably armed with spines, and others having smooth, fleshy stems, and I knew instinctively why cowboys in Texas and Arizona wear leather trousers when riding among the cactus.

I stroked the head of a hairy cephalcereus senilis, and remarked upon the resemblance of the hirsute plant to an old man. It did not surprise me a bit to learn that the name was based on the likeness to an aged, senile man.

And Mr. Ollason told me that the night-flowering cereus were among those most sought after by collectors. Their perfume was something to be remembered, he said.

I saw plants only a few inches high that were as old as or older than myself, and others that the Prickly Pear Commissioner regards askance because of their rampant habit of growth.

Those quick growers are limited in distribution to one Australian eastern county, and must not be removed.

Enormous blooms

BUT there are hundreds of others, like the echinocereus, which stay put, never grow very big, and are not likely to get out of hand. Some of them bear enormous blooms of every shade.

I saw colonies of spiny mammillarias, thrusting their points upwards belligerently as much as to say, "Hands off," and others so smooth that they positively enticed the hand to stroke them.

Beds of sandy gravel held rebutias, lobivias, stapelias and rhipsalis, while phyllocacti, with their flattened leaf-like stems, were very attractive.

I had to take it for granted when I was told that the echinocactus (hedgehog or sea-urchin) family included the ferocactus, stenocactus, gymnocalycium, thelo, echinomastus, strombocactus, homocephala and neoporterias.

This class varies from plants that are tiny specks up to others as big as barrels and thousands of years old.

I saw, too, the lovely astrophytums (star cacti), known as parson's and bishop's caps.

And I went into Mr. Ollason's little glasshouse, and thought I had been transferred to Lilliput, for everything there was on a minute scale.

Thousands of seedlings, some speck-like in size, were set out in sandy trays, or growing in tiny thimble-like pots. And I was assured that some of these Lilliputians were four or five years old, and some even older.

Try THIS for STOMACH TROUBLE

The very first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder does the job—quickly and effectively. You'll be amazed to find how swiftly this modern remedy ends indigestion and all stomach troubles. Even if you have suffered for years, relief will be quick and certain. Think what it means to eat whatever you like and thoroughly enjoy *every meal*.

"Acute dyspepsia for years, relieved in 5 minutes," says Digger Mr. G. Kent, of Eaglehawk, Victoria.

"I suffered severe stomach pain. The first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder gave relief. Now I can eat anything," says Mrs. Baker, of Bankstown, N.S.W.

Don't neglect stomach trouble. Don't refuse your favourite dishes for fear of pain after meals. De Witt's Antacid Powder will restore your appetite and make you happier and healthier in every way.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large canisters, 2/6. New giant size (2½ times quantity), 4/6.

FEEL DEAD TIRED WHEN IT'S TIME TO JUMP UP?

Do you wake in the mornings feeling as if you'd had no sleep?
Do your limbs feel stiff and heavy as you crawl out of bed?
Sleep ought to refresh you. Why doesn't it?
You are probably constipated.
Your habits may be "regular"; but you can still be constipated. Being "regular" every day is not enough — no poisons must remain in the system. If they do your blood is unclean, and how can you be fresh and well?
For this condition there is a simple, honest prescription which doctors have recommended for years — *Kruschen Salts*. It has outlasted many fashions, and made many food fads look foolish. For Kruschen Salts are basically and unalterably right. The label on the bottle tells you, and tells doctors, that Kruschen Salts are a simple combination of natural salts. And doctors, knowing that there is nothing better than these Salts for constipation, have told their patients so.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K14-1845

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FIRST PRIZE . . . for an exciting cake

● An unusual recipe wins first prize of £1 this week in our best recipe competition. Other readers win consolation prizes for interesting recipes which are all published below.

SPINACH soup delicious. A cream soup which as the name implies is really delicious. Recipe for making appears below.

PICNIC LOAF which is ideal for picnics. See recipe below.

OUR weekly best recipe competition is open to everybody.

All you have to do to enter is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

First prize of £1 is awarded every week for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

CHERRY JELLY CAKE

Six ounces sugar, 4oz. butter, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. custard powder, 4 desserspoons raspberry jelly crystals, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 saltspoon cochineal, 3 tablespoons fresh milk, 3 eggs.

Cream butter and sugar. Sift flour with custard powder. Dissolve jelly crystals in the boiling water and allow to cool, but not set (make about 1 hour before starting cake). Stir into jelly cochineal and milk. Beat eggs well, and add to creamed butter and sugar, then add flour and jelly mixture alternately, finishing with jelly mixture. Bake three-quarters of an hour in moderate oven. Cake should be pink inside and browned outside.

Make soft butter icing. Work 2 cups icing sugar and ½ cup melted butter to cream. Ice sides and top of cake. Color a little of the icing pink, and dot in little heaps on top of white icing. Dip a knife in hot water and mark icing across top. Mark again in opposite way until you have network of stripes. Cut crystallised cherries into rings and decorate sides.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Bowen, 8 Reynolds Pde., Pascoe Vale Sth., Vic.

SYRUP CORONETS

Melt together 4oz. butter, 4oz. sugar, and 4oz. golden syrup, add 4oz. flour and 1 teaspoon ground ginger.

Stir mixture over heat until it boils and then simmer for 2 minutes. Allow to cool until it is firm enough to break off small pieces and form into balls. Roll out thinly until the size of a small saucer. Bake on greased flat tin for 10 minutes.

Remove from oven, and when firm enough roll round a short round stick. This can be done while the others are being kept warm by placing over a pan of hot water.

Fill with whipped cream or 3 mashed bananas mixed with 2 tablespoons whipped cream slightly sweetened.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to W. Millingen, Phillip St., Hawthorne, Brisbane.

SURPRISE PICNIC LOAF

Remove top crust from a sandwich loaf of bread and scoop out most of centre, leaving a case about half an inch thick all round. Spread inside rather thickly with butter. Fill with layers of neatly-sliced cold meat of any kind, alternated with layers of hard-boiled egg, beetroot, pickles, or chutney.

Have some aspic ready (cold, but not set), and pour a little upon each layer of filling. When complete, replace top crust, press well down, and wrap in grease-proof paper. Slice with a very sharp knife when required.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Hayes, 220 Coventry St., South Melbourne.

FRUIT SALAD DRESSING

Two eggs, juice of 1 lemon, ½ teaspoon salt, speck of pepper, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 tablespoon black or red currant jelly.

Beat eggs very thoroughly, add lemon juice and beat till slightly thick. Add sugar, salt, and pepper. Stir over hot water until creamy, then add butter and cream.

Beat until cool. Then whip jelly into this and a very unusual and delicious dressing results.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. O'Leary, Kennedy St., Ipswich, Qld.

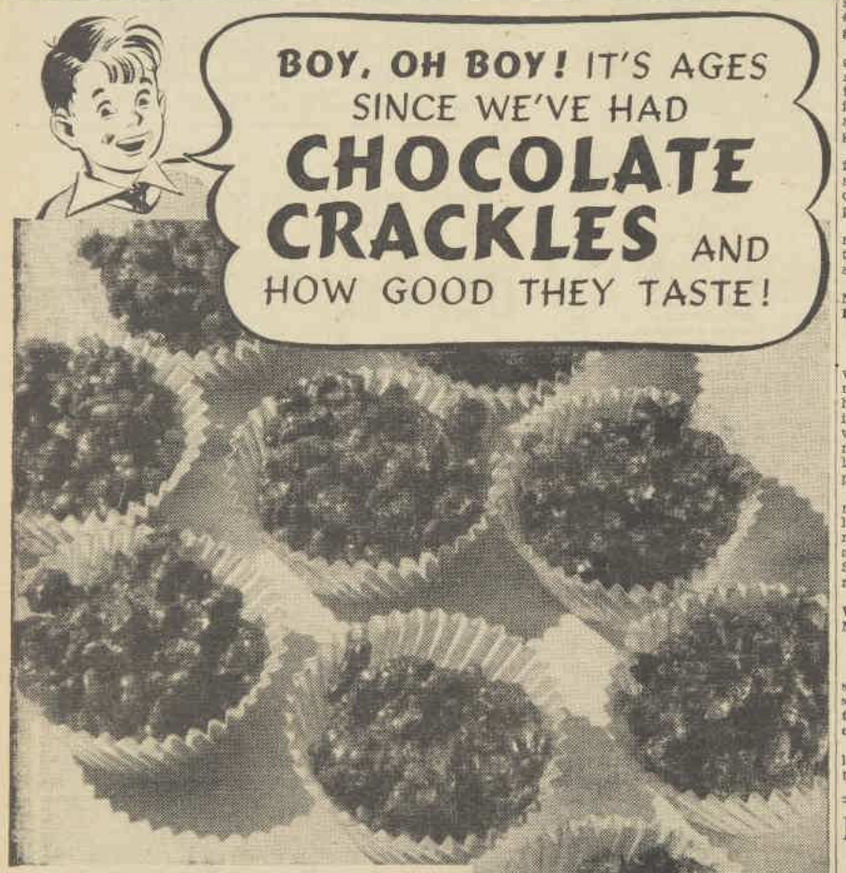
SPINACH SOUP DELICIOUS

Half pound spinach, 2 sprigs parsley, ½ pint white stock, 1 pint milk, ½ bay leaf, 1 gill cream, 3 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, paprika, 2 slices of onion, 3 tablespoons flour.

Wash spinach well and drain it. Place in saucepan with enough water to cover base of pan. Add ½ teaspoon salt. Cover and simmer over slow heat for twenty minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Drain and rub through a sieve, or chop till a fine mush. Put milk into a saucepan with bay leaf, onion, and parsley. Bring slowly to boil and strain into a jug. Melt butter, stir in flour, and when frothy stir in stock and hot milk. Stir till boiling and smooth. Add spinach by degrees, stirring constantly. Take soup off stove. Whip half the cream. Reheat soup. Season to taste. Add unwhipped cream. Serves four. Garnish each serving with a teaspoon of whipped cream sprinkled with paprika.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Beryl Paterson, Jesmondia, The Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

BOY, OH BOY! IT'S AGES SINCE WE'VE HAD CHOCOLATE CRACKLES AND HOW GOOD THEY TASTE!



Made in 5 minutes . . without cooking!

Maybe it's a while since you've made Chocolate Crackles. Then make them to-day. Nothing so tempting—nothing so popular. Yet they're made in a moment. There's no cooking needed. Truly you can do the most marvellous things with Copha. Never be without a packet on your shelf—it keeps indefinitely. And while you're about it, do try Copha for steamed puddings. It makes them so digestible.

FREE — A book containing 100 Copha recipes. Write to the Copha Company, Dept. ST, Box 2625EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

CHOCOLATE CRACKLES
(NO COOKING NEEDED)

5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups)
2½ ozs. Cocoa (3 tablespoons)
2½ ozs. Fine Coconut (1 cup)
8 ozs. Icing Sugar, 8 ozs. COPHA.

Mix dry ingredients, melt COPHA and pour over them. Thoroughly mix and spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. The above quantity makes from 2½ to 3 dozen.

THE SAME VEGETABLE SHORTENING THAT MAKES SUCH DIGESTIBLE STEAM PUDDINGS

Cut out and paste in recipe book.

C.9.17N

Miss Precious Minutes

TO ensure easy running and longer life, carpet sweepers should be oiled occasionally. This easy task is habitually neglected by many housewives.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE best method for treating suede-fabric gloves is to wash them on the hands, in warm lather, rinsing them afterwards in warm water. If they are allowed to dry slowly they will not shrink.

❖ ❖ ❖

SCRATCHES on furniture can be disguised by treating the scratch with a suitably-colored crayon. Apply furniture polish afterwards in the usual way.

❖ ❖ ❖

TEA infused in your "best" silver teapot that is brought out only on special occasions is liable to taste musty. This fault can be overcome by keeping a spoonful of unused tea-leaves in the pot when not in use.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

There is only ONE Lea & Perrins SAUCE

Used by Chefs the World over

ECONOMICAL, BECAUSE YOU NEED JUST A FEW DROPS AT A TIME —

Get This TAN in 2 Hours

YOU can get that thrilling healthy Tropic Bronze without least risk of deadly Burns or Blisters by using "Cooltan." This scientific cream, on face and body, ensures a gorgeous flawless tan. For Men, Women, and Kiddies. Gives girls waterproof make-up tool. All the rage! Greaseless. No dye.

EXTRA LARGE TUBES 1/6, from all chemists.

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DELICIOUS
for luncheon or as an extra dish at dinner—Pineapple Tower salad, which is made with lettuce, apples, prunes, cream cheese, mint sprigs and pineapple.

SUMMER SALADS

• Delicious dishes prepared with fresh fruits and vegetables—appetising for warm-weather meals and rich in vital health-giving elements. Serve these salads often in summer — at least once a day if you want your family to be fit and full of pep.

By MARY FORBES
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

THESE salads require fresh raw vegetables and fresh fruits, but if fresh fruits are not available the tinned variety may be used.

PINEAPPLE TOWER SALAD

One large tin pineapple slices (or sliced fresh pineapple), 2 medium-sized red eating apples, 6 prunes, ½lb. cream cheese, lettuce leaves, sprigs fresh mint.

Pile pineapple slices one on top of the other in centre of flat glass plate. Fill centre of pineapple with cream cheese and spread remainder round base of the pineapple. Cut apples into quarters and arrange alternately with prunes round pineapple. Arrange lettuce and mint to garnish salad. Serve with salad dressing.

AMERICAN SALAD

One small ripe pineapple, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. cream cheese, 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, juice of ½ lemon, 1 lettuce.

Cut pineapple into thin slices, remove skin and eyes. Chop raisins, sprinkle with lemon juice and place between the slices of pineapple sandwich fashion. Arrange each sandwich on a crisp lettuce leaf. Garnish each by placing on it a ball of cream cheese which has been rolled in the chopped walnuts. Serve with salad dressing as a luncheon dish.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

One pound tomatoes, ½ onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 cloves, 1 bayleaf, ½pt. hot water, ½oz. gelatine, 1 lettuce, pepper and salt to taste.

Skin and slice all but two of the tomatoes and chop onion finely. Stew tomatoes, onion, sugar and flavorings for 20 minutes in 1 pint water. Rub through a sieve or colander and add gelatine dissolved in the ½ pint of hot water. Stir well, and when almost cold pour mixture into small wet moulds. When set, turn out and arrange on lettuce leaves. Cut remaining tomatoes into quarters and arrange between tomato moulds. Serve dressing separately.

SWEET CORN SALAD

Mix together one cup tinned sweet corn, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, 3 chopped olives, one chopped gherkin, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, pinch celery salt.

Add 3 tablespoons salad dressing and mix well. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves. Pile salad mixture on top and garnish with stuffed olives.

PRAWN AND CUCUMBER SALAD

Two cups shelled prawns, 1 small cucumber, 3 tablespoons diced celery, thin slices buttered bread, chopped parsley and olives to garnish, 6 grapefruit or oranges, mayonnaise.

Choose small grapefruit or oranges and cut a thin slice off blossom end. Then remove pulp carefully and do not damage the shell. Scallop the edges with a pair of scissors. Keep some large prawns for garnishing. Mix remainder with celery, parsley, salt and cayenne to flavor, and cover with mayonnaise. Fill prepared grapefruit or orange cases. Garnish top with selected prawns. Place slices of cucumber between the bread and cut out with a small round cutter and arrange round the salad. Place an olive on each.

SUMMER-DAY SALAD

One small lettuce, 4 bananas, 2 tablespoons red currant jelly, 1 tin pears (or some fresh pears), chopped nuts, mayonnaise and lemon juice.

Arrange lettuce leaves on individual salad plates. Peel bananas, cut in halves lengthwise and sprinkle with lemon juice. Place half a pear (hollow side up) on the leaves, fill with red currant jelly, and place banana halves that have been rolled in chopped nuts on either side of pear. Chill thoroughly before serving with mayonnaise sauce.

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WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . by a Doctor

OVER-STUDY . . . must be avoided

PATIENT: Doctor, could you give my daughter a tonic? She is "nervy" and irritable, and becomes easily upset. Her school examinations fall in a couple of weeks, and she is working very hard.

Doctor: So often at this time of the year, when school examinations are approaching, I hear this request.

Young people (and older ones, too) "cram" violently for examinations, endeavor to work their brains 18 hours a day without resting them, and then when their minds and bodies rebel expect "tonics" to correct matters.

It is unfortunate that adolescents must sit for these examinations—unfortunate, that is, because very often their health is sacrificed at the expense of their study.

But so few parents and teachers realise this when they set such great store upon children's "results," and urge them to excel academically.

The strain placed on the young people is so great, and they exhaust their nerves to such a degree, that the effect is often disastrous.

Parents like their children to excel, naturally. Therefore they urge them to work for good examination results, pointing out that the higher their qualifications the better will be their "job" afterwards.

But what use will a good position be if in the process of obtaining it a boy has so ruined his health and lowered his vitality that he is unable to establish himself in the job, and so compares unfavorably with his less intelligent colleagues whose mental health has suffered less, and so are not at a disadvantage?

And what use will a brilliant university degree be to a girl if she ruins her health at the same time?

Young people have all their lives in which to study, but they have only a short while in which to grow.

Adolescence is a trying period, and very often a period of mental stress. It is a great pity to add unnecessarily to this stress.

Rest is essential to all young people. They need long hours of restful sleep each night in which the body's wear and tear of the day can be repaired.

If by studying for examinations they stay up late, and eventually go to bed with their brains so stimulated that undisturbed sleep is impossible, their nerves will suffer.

Far-reaching results

THEY will eventually become exhausted, and nerve exhaustion can often have far-reaching results, not easily remedied by a "tonic," or even by a holiday.

The process of "growing-up" requires a much higher standard of nutrition than is usually provided, even in the best boarding schools.

A daily quart of milk is required by every child between the ages of 10 and 20. More fresh fruit and salad vegetables, cheese, eggs, and wholemeal bread are needed if the boy or girl is to be expected to stand up to the strain and have a chance of escaping unscathed.

There is too much tendency to rely on "appetite stoppers" such as biscuits, white bread, jam, boiled puddings, devitalised cereal foods, cakes, tea, and sugar.

The best tonic is still good food.

Medical investigations carried out on schoolboys at an English school within the last few years showed that during the final month of each term, when the pressure of school work was increased, there was a sudden decline in the boys' average weights.

Young people should not be allowed to lose weight rapidly. It is well known that the "teen-age" is a favorable one for the onset of tuberculosis, and that any lessening of weight and vitality renders a person more liable to contract it.

Not only tuberculosis but many other diseases are contracted more easily when a person is run down and below par physically.

Excessive studying, by causing exhaustion, lowers a person's resistance, and should be condemned.

Many people who suffer from eye strain and are forced to wear glasses have ruined their eyes by over-studying and refusing to rest them.

Parents and teachers should teach young people to take care of their eyes—to rest them when tired and to use them for close work only in a good light.

Eyesight is more precious and valuable than any examination which was ever set.

Continual sitting over a book may lead to bad posture also. Good posture not only has an appearance value; it is a positive health asset.

All young people who study would be wise, therefore, to look to their posture and avoid "slumping" and "hunching" over their work, or they may remain in that position permanently.

All work and no play is liable not only to make Jack a dull boy, but also an unhealthy one, so do not encourage young people to tax their brains to excess. Remember that mental strain can be serious.

SINCE the age of two the Dionne quintuplets have been given daily lessons designed to train but not to tire their little minds. Now they are six years and have started in the first grade at school. Here you see Marie deep in a writing lesson.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Mouth and nose health

THE passage of the mouth, nose, and throat must be regarded as the gateway to the body.

If these organs are unhealthy in any way, thus providing "landing places" for an enemy (i.e., hostile germs) to gain an entrance, they can be responsible for much preventable disease and suffering.

A leaflet dealing with this problem has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free, if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope, is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Washed 17 times

★ Yet this Grafton Anti-Shrink rayon crepe frock hasn't shrunk by the width of a thread!
Challenge that statement on the strength of our guarantee. Whether you live in Cairns, Canberra or Coolgardie, any store will replace a Grafton Anti-Shrink frock or fabric should it show the least sign of shrinkage. That is our unconditional guarantee.

★ IT CANNOT SHRINK!
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EASY TO WASH!
EASIER TO DRY!
EASIEST TO IRON!

Grafton ANTI-SHRINK
WASHABLE RAYON CREPE FROM ENGLAND

If your favourite store is not showing the Grafton Anti-Shrink frock illustrated, or Grafton Anti-Shrink fabrics, write to Box 624FF, G.P.O., Sydney, for nearest retailer.

APPETISING! - all it wants now is the HEINZ MAYONNAISE

There are two ways to get a perfect mayonnaise—(1) make it yourself, or (2) let Heinz make it. Making it yourself involves getting the richest cream—the very freshest of eggs—and other good things like that—and mixing and beating them to the exquisite, smooth creamy texture which is essential. All this trouble, on a hot summer's day, with a thousand and one other things to do, is a weariness and a burden. You can achieve the same result by letting Heinz do the work instead. Heinz Mayonnaise *keeps*. Taste it once and you'll never waste time making mayonnaise again. Try it at *our* risk. Get a Bottle and use it. If you don't like it, tell your grocer so, when he will give you back, without question, the purchase price in full.

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

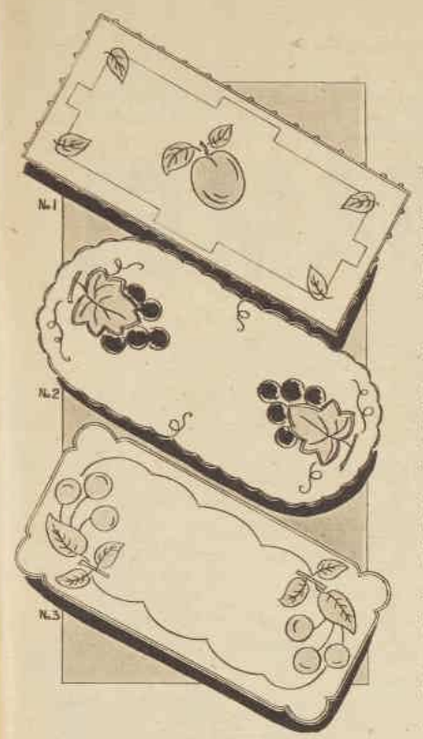
HM 40/2

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

THREE NEW D'OYLEYS . . .

NEEDLEWORK .... NOTIONS

● In fascinating fruit designs — easy to work and most attractive when completed. All in sandwich-plate shape.



THREE QUICK-TO-WORK designs in sandwich d'oyleys. Obtainable, traced on white or colored linen, from our Needlework Department.

THESE three new d'oyleys may be obtained from our Needlework Department, traced ready for working on Irish linen, in colors of white, cream, pink, blue, green, and yellow.

Size of each d'oyley is 5 by 11 inches, and price is 1/- each.

No. 1 is a plum design. This is very easy and quick to embroider, only two stitches being used—buttonholing for the outer edge and stem-stitching for the design.

No. 2 features a grape-and-leaf motif. The edges of this d'oyley should be buttonholed and the centre design done in stem-stitch.

No. 3 is a cherry design, and for this, also, buttonholing and stem-stitching are the two stitches used.

Work the d'oyleys in natural fruit shades if you wish, or in any other colors you fancy.

Anchor stranded cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 2½d. a skein.

Give numbers of designs when ordering.

FROCKS FOR SUMMER WEAR

● Two adorable little garments for tiny tots, ready for making up and working and available in white or colors.

BOTH frocks can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for working.

No. 49: This style is available in linora in cream, pink, blue, or lemon.

Sizes and prices are: Two to four years, 3/6; four to six years, 3/11.

No. 50: Obtainable in georgette in colors of white, cream, pink, blue, green, and turquoise.

Sizes and prices are: Two to four years and four to six years, 5/11 each.

No. 50. Frock in cream or colored georgette traced ready for cutting out and making up. Sizes, 2 to 4 years and 4 to 6 years.

Paper patterns for making these two styles in your own material are also obtainable for 1/- each. Transfer, 1/- extra.

Cottons for working the floral motifs obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2½d. a skein.

LEFT: No. 49. Frock in linora in white or colors, traced for making up and working. Paper pattern for this style and for No. 50 shown above also available.

CLOSE-UP of the floral motifs used for embroidering these two frocks shown here. For addresses of Needlework Department, see pattern page.

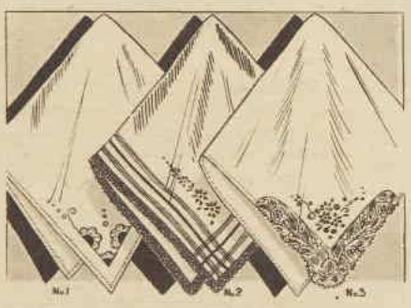
Gift handkerchiefs . . .

WORK these handkerchiefs for your friends for Christmas. Obtainable ready traced from our Needlework Department.

No. 1: Fine Irish linen with plain edge and traced design for working. Price, 1/-.

No. 2: Fine lawn finished with tucks and lace edging, with floral motif for working. Price, 7d.

No. 3: Fine lawn with lace corner, plain edge, and motif for working. Price, 7d.



JUST the thing for Christmas gifts—handkerchiefs which you can embroider yourself. Obtainable traced from our Needlework Department.

For your small girl

● **Dainty frock in colored linora, all ready for making up and working. Ideal for summer wear.**

YOU can obtain this attractive frock ready for making from our Needlework Department.

It is available in linora in cream, pink, blue, lemon, or green, and the material is traced with pattern for cutting out and with design for embroidery.

All you have to do is cut out, stitch up, and work.

The embroidery—a small floral motif—appears on the small collar, the twin pockets, and sleeve-cuffs.

Sizes and prices are:—

Two to four years, 2/3; four to six years, 3/9.

For those who would like to make up this design in their own material a paper pattern is available for 1/-.

IN SIZES 2 to 4 years and 4 to 6 years, a girl's frock in white or colored linora, traced for making up and working.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 258A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

CHEER UP SONNY... You'll soon be better

Genuine Laxettes are the ideal aperient for children of all ages. The smooth chocolate flavour is most pleasing to childish palates, while the complete absence of habit-forming drugs and harsh purgatives means freedom from griping and discomfort.

For thirty years, Genuine Laxettes have been the preferred children's aperient in almost every Australian home. Containing dihydroxydiphenylphthalidum—the non-toxic and safe laxative — they definitely prevent Faulty Elimination (*incomplete* bowel action).

Try a tin today — Genuine Laxettes—sold everywhere.

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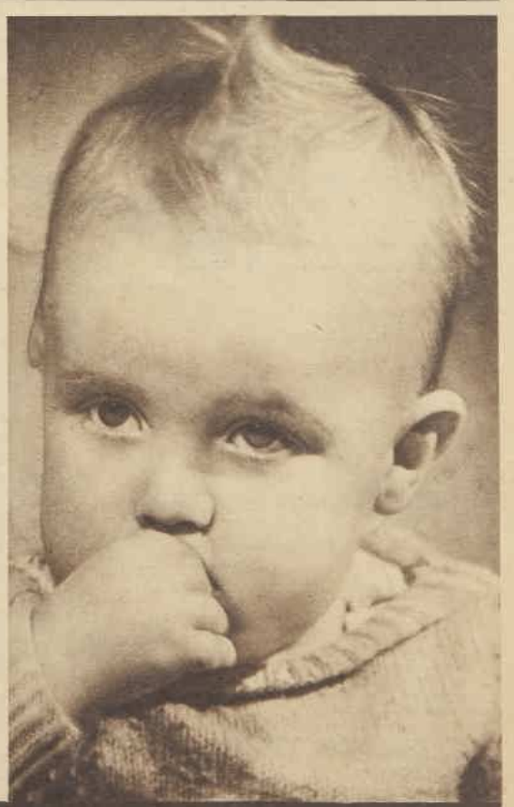

Banish FAULTY ELIMINATION with Genuine LAXETTES

STANDARD TIN 1/6 Trial Size-6d.

Sold in Tins at all Chemists & Stores

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It's fun to make your Kitchen Colorful with DYNAMEL

STOP THINKING that old dresser is out of date and impossible! Just look here—you can make it a really smart and colorful piece of furniture, inside and outside, with Dynamel. Dynamelling is fun because it's so easy. Dynamel smoothes itself right out as you brush. Never leaves a streak, or a brushmark. And that's the big difference between Dynamel and ordinary enamels.

YES, IT'S THE SAME BREAKFAST ALCOVE, before and after Dynamelling. If you were getting a brand new kitchen you couldn't wish for anything smarter. That Dynamel finish is so fresh and bright. So smooth—easy as a wink to keep spotlessly clean. You can actually scrub Dynamel without scratching its gleaming surface.

DYNAMEL THAT CHAIR! It's fascinating to see how quickly you can cover right over those scratches and that dingy stained finish with Dynamel. And remember, a little Dynamel goes a surprising distance. It's the economical way to bring radiant color into your kitchen.

THE FLOOR A PROBLEM? Didn't you know that you can paint right over that shabby linoleum with Taubman's Solpah — and get a smart, solid color, solid-wearing floor finish for practically nothing? You can! A range of sixteen lovely colors to choose from — and Solpah is sold at paint stores everywhere.

ANYONE CAN DO A GOOD JOB WITH DYNAMEL!

Dynamel is better than enamel. It dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. And you get a mirror-smooth finish first time. Never a streak or a brushmark. Dynamel smoothes itself right out as you brush.

Take your choice of 30 lovelier colors on the Dynamel Color Card at paint stores everywhere.

White, New Cream, Ivory, Cream, Biscuit, Coral, Powder Rose, Sky Blue, Cambridge Blue, Kanimbla Blue, Harbour Blue, Royal Blue, Primrose, Daffodil, Marigold, Orange, Oriental Red, Cherry Red, Persian Red, Lake Green, Nile Green, Lettuce Green, Spring Green, Forest Green, Oyster Grey, Cruiser Grey, Beige, Russet, Chestnut, Black, Clear, Inside Ice-Chest White.

FREE!

TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home", together with "Harmony in the Kitchen". I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

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COTTAGE PIECES . . .

sturdy and smart

● This is what you want if you are furnishing a seaside or mountain cottage. Pieces like those shown on this page which combine a rustic peasant simplicity and charm with good wearing qualities are ideal for the holiday retreat.

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR

TIME was when good taste was thrown to the winds when it came to furnishing a country or seaside cottage.

Miscellaneous bits of furniture long since relegated to the lumber-room would be brought to light again, dusted over, and made to do further duty.

If you have a summer home in the mountains or by the shore, don't use any old furnishings.

That old furniture that you had discarded because it was so old, out-of-style, worn, and soiled, and you couldn't bear it round the place any more, isn't going to make you feel any brighter if you have to live with it for weeks at a time.

When you are in your summer home you are supposed to be enjoying a holiday and your surroundings in a house where you can rest and relax.

Naturally you want furniture that will stand up to lots of hard use; chairs that you can flop into or push around without danger of breaking a leg; that you can put your feet on without ruining the upholstery . . .

Tables that won't scratch if somebody puts anything on them . . . Roomy chests of drawers and cupboards that will hold slacks, pullovers, shorts and other holiday wear and gear.

At the same time you should strive for furniture that looks reasonably attractive—that suits your little house and looks good enough to please your family and guests invited for meals or to stay.

There's plenty of furniture available that will supply demands for both hard wear and good looks.

Some suitable pieces in adapted peasant style are shown on this page.

Rustic furniture is suitable, too, for country homes. It should appear as if made from the timbers at hand, as in the Early Colonial days, allied with rope, leather, or bark, and supplied with cottage-weave fabrics for coverings.

Furniture of the types described here is suitable for all kinds of holiday cottages. It will fit into a woody interior, whether it be the natural surface of logs or wood and plaster combined, or against plain walls of plaster, wallboard, or stone, either painted or left natural.

Choose rugged materials with that homespun look in warm bright colors for curtains, upholstery, and floor coverings.

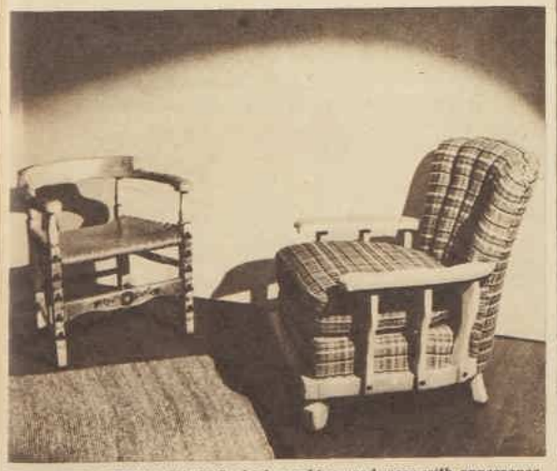
And for those extra guests don't forget a day-bed or two in the living-room, which can be used for lounging in the daytime and for sleeping at night.

AN UNUSUAL SETTING designed for a country or seaside home. The furniture is in peasant style, and is painted cream.

It includes a small low round table, little wooden chairs with brass-studded leather seats and sturdy legs, and a cocktail bar with a long form in front also upholstered in leather.

The walls in this room are dark red with large square pictures framed in black. The window curtains are cream net allied with drapes of bright-colored chintz.

THIS USEFUL BOOKCASE with protecting glass doors and cupboards beneath for extra storage space is carried out in wood left its natural color. Like the sturdy yet smart wooden chair in front it has a rustic simplicity about it which makes it ideal for use in a country home.



TWO ATTRACTIVE CHAIRS which combine good wear with appearance. The one on the right has wooden arms, base and legs, and an extra sprung cushion to add to the padded seat and back. The smaller chair has a wooden frame adorned with peasant designs in color and a leather seat.

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